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FELLOW MEN  
A GALLERY OF ENGLAND 1876-1946



MEMBERS OF THE COMMISSION OF THE SEAFARERS' EDUCATION  
SERVICE, AT STOKE ROCHFORD, 1919

FELLOW MEN

*A Gallery  
of England  
1876-1946*

*by*

ALBERT MANSBRIDGE

*Biography Index Reprint Series*

BOOKS FOR LIBRARIES PRESS  
FREEPORT, NEW YORK

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STANDARD BOOK NUMBER:

8369-8021-2

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS CATALOG CARD NUMBER:

73-117329

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

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To  
Lawrence Durning Holt  
of  
Liverpool



## FOREWORD

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THE purpose implicit in the construction of such a Gallery as this is to reveal a cross section of English life, work, and thought, as seen by one, who, in the course of seventy years, has been directly affected and helped by men and women of diverse types and experience, both at home and overseas.

Every man, during his lifetime, passes along a gallery of his fellows, be the passage short or long, narrow or broad. He may, by the conditions of his life, or even of his own nature, see but portions of it. A clear view of it depends not only upon his own experience, but upon his desire to honour any one and every one, from cottage or palace, who, with goodwill, in accordance with his gifts, whether manual, mental, or spiritual, strives to work at tasks essential to the welfare of man.

That there are not only diversities of gifts, but also of opportunities, is plainly to be seen by all who contemplate the daily actions and expressions of human kind. The life, indeed persistence, of any community, large or small, depends upon the exercise of manual, mental, and spiritual powers by those who possess any one or other of them in marked degree, even though they are and must be present to some degree in all normal human beings. They are as a triple cord which must not be broken or unravelled.

Even so, the bulk of human beings are gifted manually, and in the exercise of agriculture or craftsmanships develop and give off spiritual and mental powers which enrich the whole community. 'They trust in their hands,' and in doing so are 'wise in their work' and 'maintain the state of

the world,' but they can only be at their best if they are in unity, as strands in the same cord, with those, a minority, who have special gifts of heart and brain. Such minority must, if they would be truly healthy, honour the majority as a sensible man does his hands and feet. All alike must do their work in the power of the same spirit.

'He hath given men skill that He might be honoured in His marvellous works.'

There is little or no need for me to justify my attempt to reveal the Gallery by dwelling upon the details of my own passage along it. The pictures I present should suffice. They will be my own pictures—not such as can be seen in biographies or the recorded estimates of other writers, even if they are in line with them. This, in spite of my conviction that no one man can, except in superficial matters, get a full, even just, view of any other. He is and must be restricted in his sight by his own gifts, or rather by his lack of gifts, and may not be able to avoid recording identical characteristics in diverse persons. I can, however, with this qualification, record impressions and facts without reserve.

I shall include only those who have compelled my admiration or from whom I have learned. If criticism is made, it will be in the interests of a true view. In so far as the gallery is occupied by a diversity of personalities, it will be as one body with many members, each contributing to the whole.

Since I have travelled widely and often, I shall venture to include some at least whose work has lain largely in the British Commonwealth and Empire, or in the United States of America. Here and there a European figure may emerge, but only in so far as it relates to English life. I hope also that none will take my sub-title 'A Gallery of England' too literally, since Scotsmen, Welshmen, and Irishmen come into it.

Only persons with whom I have had personal contact will find places in the Gallery. Those—and they are many—still living will, so far as is possible, not be revealed. Figures will appear and reappear during successive stages of life and work. Certain outstanding ones, helping and cheering me in earlier years, and duly noticed at the time, will be the subject of closer consideration.

As may be imagined, the difficulty of selection is great. A large number I would fain notice must be excluded because of obvious limitations of space. For their friendship, help, and cheer I am grateful to them all. In cottages, mean streets, country houses, town mansions, and palaces I have seen them exhibiting high qualities which, except in expression, differ not at all from one another. There are, in my experience, no class distinctions operative among the true people of England, only diversities of experience, which become unified when in the power of the spirit men seek the welfare of man and the Glory of God.

‘Let us now praise famous men’ and those ‘which have no memorial.’



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## PART I

THE GALLERY AS SEEN DURING SUCCESSIVE  
STAGES OF LIFE AND WORK

.



1876-1903

---

CHAPTER  
ONE

---

*With the eyes  
of a child*

---

THE Gallery as I saw it from No. 1 Albert Cottages, India House Lane, in Gloucester, for the first four years of my life was peopled by working men and women, school teachers, and preachers. These last were, in my child mind, as deities. I can clearly remember thinking that the Tyndale chapel minister, in his pulpit, was God.

Our cottage drew to it men and women who in devotion to their own homes, in worship at church or chapel, and in enthusiasm for social betterment, stand out as those who not only preserved but strengthened the foundations of English life.

They were happy and keen, not discontented. Inspired by worship, they were eager to do all that they possibly could for themselves and their fellows, through co-operative societies and trade unions.

As far as possible the men made their own furniture, of which they were proud, and grew in garden or allotment their own fruit and vegetables. Their wives looked after the fowls, and even the pigs, which they were allowed to fatten in those days. The fowl-runs and sties were at the end of the long gardens. Hours of work were long, six a.m. to six p.m. Unless they were railway servants, the workmen I knew were often unemployed or had to work away from home.

At the General Election of 1880 which brought Gladstone

into power, there was great excitement. In those days an election was an event. My father, who had come home from Ipswich to vote, held me, a child, up in his arms to see blue fire burning on the porches of the India House Inn and the surging procession of men and women waving torches as they hurrahd for Tommy Robinson, the Liberal candidate.

No workman in our part of Gloucester would have deigned to be a Conservative. Of course, I wore a blue favour and shrilled as best I could.

Only one of our neighbours, George Dew, rose to position in the world of labour and politics. Moving later to London as he did before I was five, he ultimately became an alderman of the London County Council and a leading officer of the Hearts of Oak Benefit Society. After taking me just after Christmas 1880 to see *Cinderella*, never forgotten, at Drury Lane, he first convinced me that I could spell 'Bible.' I can see him now with his keen face, short beard, and curly hair. Almost every workman, my father included, wore a carefully trimmed beard in those days.

At the age of three and a half I sat in the infants' gallery of St. James's School at Gloucester. I was proud to be entered on the list of its old boys at the age of sixty-five. When I was four and a half we moved to London. At Jessop Road, Herne Hill, Infant School I was at Christmas 1880 awarded my first and almost my last prize—*Little Dot, the Story of a Gravedigger*. It was for 'good conduct.' I never received another for that characteristic, nor indeed any further appreciation of it.

Schools and teachers followed in procession for the next ten years. Then, at the age of fourteen, I started work as an office boy in the City. No schoolboy could have received greater encouragement than I did. At Surrey Lane, Battersea, Board School two teachers, in particular, W. C.



Coxall (short, brown-haired, kindly) and F. Luckham (a Gloucestershire man), helped me to such an extent outside school hours that in 1886 I gained an open scholarship at Sir Walter St. John's School, Battersea. There again teachers helped me. H. J. Wilkins, also on the staff of the adjacent training college, felt that I ought ultimately to go to college. One of his tests was a challenge to me to learn the forty-eight propositions of Euclid, Book I, in a week, which I did. He so inspired me that in 1888 I gained a further scholarship at Battersea Grammar School. Any dreams I had of going on to college did not, however, persist into waking hours.

Apart from my last two head masters, W. Taylor, familiarly known as 'Bandy,' and W. H. Bindley, a quiet scholar of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, the most impressive figures were H. J. Hernaman, Her Majesty's inspector, an iron grey, stern cleric, and Canon Erskine Clark, a round-faced, merry-eyed vicar of Battersea, famous as founder and editor of *Chatterbox*. It is to be hoped that the galleries which schoolboys see in these days at elementary and secondary schools will not be less inspiring, helpful, and impressive than mine was in the eighties of the last century.

Many figures of boys stand out, and I have met some of them since, but for my present purpose I would only select Arnold Bradley. With him, a keen geologist and nature lover, I explored the north Surrey hills and valleys for fossils and butterflies. He was a clean, strong type of youth, but the big thing was that he took me to his home, and there I met Henry Bradley, his father, the eminent philologist.

In an astonishing way he received me, a mere boy, as an equal. There was no reserve in his talk, although of course he did not enter into learned talks on philology. He gave me exactly the same impression as he did many years after to Robert Bridges, the late poet laureate. He was thin and

spare, with a slight beard. His great occupation at the time was the *New English Dictionary*. He had reviewed an earlier instalment of it, and in such a manner as to receive, through Dr. Murray, an invitation to become a co-editor.

He was full of fun and humour, quite pleased to have been addressed on the morning of my first visit by a Frenchman as 'Respectable Sir.' He loved verbal infelicities.

As a sidesman at a nearby church he had been asked to carry a palm in procession; that was too much for him, so he resigned. His intellect must have been amazing, for he learned enough Russian during a fortnight at his wife's sick bed to be able to read an ordinary text. This, with no previous knowledge of Slavonic languages.

Some years after he moved to Oxford. At the age of sixty-one he was elected a fellow of Magdalen, and being a junior, he served me, as a guest, with coffee, just as though he was in his twenties, as junior fellows often are.

Thus, as a schoolboy, I was influenced by one of the truly great, such as are simple and unaffected, eager to hear the opinions and even ask advice of quite ordinary people of goodwill. It must be spiritual power that enables such men to discern and harmonize with excellences which, according to their interests and gifts, are in all men and women.

Robert Bridges wrote after Bradley's passing in 1923: 'All my memories of him are so pleasant that I can almost imagine the delight of his company enduring *in aeternum*.' The delight of a schoolboy of thirteen years has persisted for fifty-seven years; it may never pass away.

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CHAPTER  
TWO

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*Through office  
windows*

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AN office boy in the City of London during the years 1890-1, apart from his seniors, could see but little of business men. The streets were full of nondescripts and top-hatted, frock-coated men round about the Lombard Street banks and the Stock Exchange. In front of my office they tumbled out of the four-horse express omnibuses from Brixton and became lost in the purlieus of Fenchurch Street.

My own work was in the firm of Jensen's, providers of cod-liver oil and fish-potash guano from Norway. It took me daily to a bell foundry in Whitechapel, where from a loft I addressed and sent fourteen-pound and twenty-eight-pound bags of odorous manure to clients all over the country.

The clerks in the office were kind but severe. P. J. G. Rouquette, a bearded chief, used me as a messenger. Woe betide me if I made a mistake. It is strange that a boy of fourteen should think that wrongly posting a letter ruined him for life, but so it was. On my five-mile walk in and out from Battersea I saw little, but dreamed and visioned.

Of my seniors there is little to say, but one, Otto Strasser, had come from Berlin to get experience. Fred Gale, the son of a stern-faced City editor, I knew in the Battersea Congregational Church, but there was little or no intercourse—juniors were juniors.

In 1891 I passed a civil service examination for boy copyists, and later in 1892 for boy clerks. As a result I found myself in a new world. I was appointed to the

offices of the Committee of Privy Council on Education. There indeed was a gallery of notables. I only saw the occupants in the passages, where I was occupied in collecting school portfolios, but I was impressed by Arthur Dyke Acland, the vice-president, and J. W. Mackail, his secretary. In later years I saw much of Arthur Dyke Acland. I sat under him on Board of Education Committees, and visited him during his last days in Onslow Gardens. His sympathetic love of children and workpeople inspired him in all his creative work. As for J. W. Mackail, the ideal scholar, he helped me all through my later years. The permanent secretary, Sir George Kekewich, I never saw. It was cynically said that he did most of his work on Sundays.

One morning I was trundling a lorry when a youth darted out of a nearby door and got me to join the Junior Civil Service Prayer Union. I did so, and thus met chiefs from other offices, notably A. E. Adeney of the Post Office. This silver-haired, short, energetic man became a close friend, and so genuine was his faith that it affected me more than I then realized. As for the youth who enrolled me, he became an undergraduate at Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, and as his guest on a Whitsuntide Bank Holiday in 1894 I lunched in the hall, and for the first time saw university dons at the high table; thus I had an early glimpse of a gallery which was soon to become crowded. On most days in luncheon hours I visited Westminster Abbey and communed in spirit with the remembered great, and thought of 'Jane Lister deare Childe' and 'rare Ben Jonson.'

In 1894 I moved to Regent Street, becoming a ledger clerk in the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company. Regent Street had a character of its own, vastly different from Fenchurch Street or Whitehall. At No. 112 I saw much of business methods and the buying habits of diverse persons.





CHARLES WASE

Sir John Langman was the chief, a keen business man, who at times used me for his personal affairs, but my notable contact was with a fellow clerk, Charles Wase. In A.B.C. shops we argued about religion. He was sceptical, although he had been a choirboy. Later he went to India, became a Christian Scientist, and on his return practised as a healer. The great seascape artist, Colin Hunter, whose daughter he married, was helped by him, and I saw indisputable results of the treatment of sickness. In course of time he moved steadily on to the fullness of the Christian faith, bringing his healing powers with him. He passed away on 10th November 1931, and I conducted the service at his cremation. He had both eagerness and humility. His chief published work was *The Inner Teaching and Yoga*. After his passing, a selection of his lectures, *The Gospel of Healthy Mindedness*, was published as a memorial.

Once again I returned to Whitechapel, becoming a desk clerk in the tea department of the English and Scottish Co-operative Wholesale Societies. Of the men I saw there, I would pay special tribute to old-time Co-operative leaders such as Joseph Clay of Gloucester, George Hawkins of Oxford, and Thomas Webb of Battersea. A crowd of types rise up, too large for the individuals to be specified, but there is little doubt that the Co-operative faith of the nineteenth century did more than has been recognized to bring men of stature who would otherwise have had little opportunity into its service, and to prepare men and women for public work.

The career of George Thorpe is an instance of this. His father, who could repeat much of St. John's Gospel by heart, was a stone wall builder and had thirteen children. George started work in a coal-mine at the age of eight, earning sixpence a day. After five years he turned to a cloth mill, and whilst there learned,

in his off time, to write and do sums on a blackboard. When twenty years of age he became an active co-operator, and ended up as president of the great Co-operative Wholesale Society. The last talk I had with him was in the company of Bishop Seaton of Wakefield, after a cathedral service, at which I had preached. He was then approaching his ninetieth year, but being firm in the faith he revealed, quite naturally, both experience and wisdom.

During my time of service which ended in 1901, I became both a student and teacher in Co-operative classes and attended University Extension Lectures. Also I was appointed to the staff of the Higher Commercial Evening School of the London Board at Fulham. There I received my only direct training as a teacher. 'Have something up your sleeve,' said the responsible head, 'for the inspector.' When he did come in I was vainly endeavouring to explain the difference between a colon and a semicolon. Fortunately he did not comment.

The Co-operative Permanent Building Society, with three upon its working staff, appointed me to be its cashier in 1901. Treated with latitude and kindness by Arthur Webb, my chief, meeting many personalities and attending conferences and national congresses, I gained much experience, only leaving the society in 1905 to become whole-time secretary of the Workers' Educational Association.

Of those I came to know outside office work, many will appear in appropriate later chapters, but in private life two figures, J. Pringle and H. Beacon, impressed me. The former I saw first in St. Stephen's Church at Battersea. Silver-haired and somewhat bent, his face revealed learning and benevolence. He was an aristocrat, a gentleman in the highest sense of the word. I came to know him through his son John, who had been a fellow boy clerk with me in the Department of Education, and had in-





*Yorkshire Evening Post*

JAMES BUCHANAN SEATON, BISHOP OF WAKEFIELD



herited the characteristics of his father, who was of high birth, with Scottish blood in his Irish make-up. After service in South Africa, during the Zulu war, he had returned to England, bringing his young family with him. As a devoted scholar of Trinity College, Dublin, he spent his leisure in study and research, apart from characteristic work of high benevolence. His library was unique—Gordon his special hero. His elder daughter, Frances Jane, became my wife in 1900.

The latter, H. Beacon, was a simple gardener, the man I often paid tribute to as the most educated man I had ever met, yet apart from his great knowledge of flowers and gardens, he knew but little. He loved his home and was devoted to his work. His unselfishness shone about him. The educated man is one who uses his being and gifts rightly. He is happy if the essential needs of those dependent upon him are met, and he has work, with the necessary tools to do it. Such a man was H. Beacon, who sits high in the Gallery, if unseen by any one but myself and his devoted wife and son.

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CHAPTER  
THREE

---

*On platforms  
and in pulpits*

---

LECTURERS, orators, and preachers thronged the Gallery of the 1890s. They possessed force and power. Any London youth, who had left school in early years, could from them receive all the essentials of a liberal education. Young and impressionable as I was, I could not possibly have found a better way, for the development of a man depends upon his view of life. Inspiration is greater than mere instruction.

John Burns, George Lansbury, and Will Crooks were a remarkable trio who, on almost any day and especially at election times, could be heard at important street corners or in parks. Their energy was terrific.

In Battersea Park I saw the short black-bearded John Burns, waving his arms as he denounced all Conservatives before he was elected as member of Parliament for Battersea, in 1892, and I met him in our street as he paid house-to-house visits. Even in those days there could be no doubt of his egotistical force. His success increased it until it became out of proportion and was amusing. In later years he made plain to me his dissatisfaction at not having been asked to preside at one of the famous Masterman lectures in the Royal Gallery of Westminster, although such as A. J. Balfour, R. B. Haldane, and Will Crooks had. It is not easy to understand his complete withdrawal from public life in 1914, to sit in his famous library of books on London or to talk to little groups in the National Liberal Club.

I first saw and heard George Lansbury on a Sunday

morning in East Street, Walworth, declaiming against all that was up. Of his complete selfless Christianity there can be no doubt. He was ever ready to attend any group desirous of discussing forward Christian action. His kindness as I experienced it at conferences on the Christian life, held at Beaconsfield and Cuddesdon, was most marked. The breadth of his sympathy often landed him into dilemmas, the most notable of which was probably during the great strike of 1926, when the food position became difficult in the East End. He could not endure to see any one hungry.

Will Crooks was a natural humorist. He could improvise both on small occasions and great. 'I am not a B.A. or a B.F.,' he said at a food protest meeting after the Boer War which I attended, 'but I know how many ounces make up a pound of jam.' His natural humorous force decreased in later years owing to his having cultivated, no doubt sub-consciously, a veneer of politeness. In spite of this he was his wise and witty self at Adult Education gatherings.

During the 1890s, having no party spirit in me, I saw little of politicians at work, but met them mostly at church or educational gatherings. As it was, they were mostly Liberal or Labour. It was after 1900 that I came to know outstanding Conservatives.

The universities of that time, Oxford, Cambridge, Durham, and London, were as dreams to me, but the force of University Extension was real. To Lant Carpenter, lecturing on 'Electricity in the Service of Men,' and Vivian B. Lewes revealing 'Chemistry in Everyday Life,' I as one in crowded audiences owe much. They inspired and taught me, creating in me a broad outlook upon and interest in science. Alfred Milnes, however, gave me the greatest impetus when he delivered ten lectures on economics to a small audience of twenty at Battersea Polytechnic. His treatment of the subject was fascinating,

interspersed with *obiter dicta* such as 'A society without Socialism is a contradiction in terms.' Moreover, he was able to give individual attention to each of us.

It was in a course of Gilchrist lectures that I heard Sir Robert Ball. Literally in one lecture he opened up the starry heavens. His thick-set figure, round head, and gleaming eyes seemed to me to be a replica of the universe.

The conference or congress from which I derived much, perhaps most, was that of the Co-operative movement in 1898 at Peterborough. There I heard and met for the first time Michael Sadler and Hudson-Shaw, both of whom helped and encouraged me in my later work for Adult Education. Indeed, under their inspiration at Peterborough, I conceived the idea of what afterwards became the Workers' Educational Association. In the course of the remarks I made concerning it during a discussion, I was so nervous that W. H. Watkins of Plymouth, afterwards to be a president of congress, held my shaking left leg as in a vice.

On Sunday, in the cathedral, I saw seated in the canons' stalls the leading co-operators of the day: Duncan McInnes of Lincoln, who through co-operation had transcended class, and George Hawkins, the burly outspoken Oxford chairman, who had been inspired by Arnold Toynbee of Balliol when he gave his notable address on education to the Oxford Congress of 1882.

Although as a boy I attended the Bridge Road Congregational Church at Battersea, I became a member of the Church of England.

It was during my holidays as a boy of twelve in Gloucester that Bishop Ellicott, both learned and paternal, lifted preaching, as I listened to him in the cathedral choir, on to a high plane. Then there was also the flashing if somewhat turgid oratory of Dean Spence-Jones, who, it is said,

took twenty-four hours to prepare a sermon. As a boy I remember him commencing with 'In the modern schools of German Rationalism,' but going on to 'the freshness of the meadow and the coolness of the stream.' This slight, dark figure with bearded face and ringing voice was unforgettable in the pulpit.

To the Rev. H. Percival Smith, a simple, kindly vicar of St. Stephen's, near my Battersea home, I owe a great debt. In later years I was able to express it, on his passing, as I preached in the Chapel of Trinity, Cambridge, the college from which he graduated with high mathematical honours.

The figure which attracted me at Westminster Abbey was Frederic William Farrar. He had achieved much fame both as head master of Marlborough and as author of *Eric, or Little by Little*, a school story criticized for its sentimentality, and the *Life of Christ* which achieved a great circulation. His sermons on 'Eternal Hope,' both adventurous and far-seeing, had brought him both criticism and approval. He was eloquent but florid, and interspersed his sermons with numerous quotations. His canon's stall was united with the vicarage of the adjacent St. Margaret's Church, so he could be heard when not in residence at the abbey. To that church he drew great preachers, often in week-day services. There was nothing exclusive about him. In it, again, I heard Dean Spence-Jones, and on one occasion sat just behind William Ewart Gladstone, listening to the fiery eloquence of Canon Newbolt of St. Paul's.

On one occasion I visited Farrar at his house in Dean's Yard and found him sympathetic and helpful. In 1895 he became dean of Canterbury, and I sorrowed to hear of his decline in health. A choirboy had to assist him with his papers in the pulpit. I think of him going almost daily across the park to the then strictly immured Athenaeum

in order to write undisturbed, and he will always seem to me to be one with the famous busts and statues which he could see as he preached and which in my seat beneath him I could, as I waited, sometimes for an hour before service, also catch sight of and meditate upon. That of Connop Thirlwall at a corner of the transept always drew my attention. Farrar's line continues—Field Marshal Montgomery is his grandson.

The greatest abbey sermons—that is, those I remember best—were preached by Boyd Carpenter when bishop of Ripon, J. E. C. Welldon when head master of Harrow, and S. Alexander when Reader of the Temple.

Boyd Carpenter's voice rang through the nave when he urged that we should not despise the immature efforts of poets and artists. 'One day the halting rhymester may sing the world's song or the patient dauber limn an undying picture.' As he said it I conceived a first principle in Adult Education.

With determined skill Welldon, preaching from the text 'They shall ask their way to Zion with their faces thitherwards,' created a picture in which each of us through life could, if we would, take a proceeding part.

Alexander, as he cupped his hands, revealed how in Christ all that was true in all the world was gathered up and unified in perfect light.

The advent of Charles Gore in 1894 as canon of Westminster was epoch-making, but of him I shall write at length later in this book. He introduced me to a galaxy—Walter Frere, afterwards bishop of Truro, thumping at a piano; Richard Rackham, patient and scholarly; Paul Bull, ardent reformer; John Nash, later bishop in Cape Town, pastoral and patient. The Community of the Resurrection was in itself a vital and burning force at 4 Little Cloisters. The members let a young man argue with them, and so



he learned. Those were great days. Westminster gave its gifts without stint and in beauteous manner to any who would receive.

Of St. Paul's Cathedral I knew little, but I shall never forget Canon Scott Holland, who poured himself out in the pulpit as he seemed to wipe the breath out of his mouth with his right hand. In later years at Christ Church, Oxford, his warm handshake, cheery humour, and helpful advice were a real standby to me. The last time I saw him was outside his college rooms, ragging Professor Sanday.

But preachers are many and I must forbear. At times, though, I have heard obscure preachers in remote villages preach sermons of such power that it seemed sad that so few should hear them, but no one knows how far their thoughts radiated in the power of the spirit.

At Westminster I saw clearly that great sermons are preached by men of learning and experience who, firm in the faith, are gifted with a sense of mystery and who climb patiently to unscaled heights or plunge boldly into deep waters.

1903-1946

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CHAPTER  
FOUR

---

*In the service of  
Adult Education*

---

IN 1903 universities, co-operative societies, and trade unions determined to associate in an effort to promote the Higher Education of working men and women and entrusted me, since I had initiated action, with the office of secretary, which I occupied until 1915 when my health broke down. As an obvious consequence, the additions to the Gallery, as I saw it, were many and various. From among them I shall select a few typical figures who are not included among those to whom later I give closer consideration. Of those I select I can only give glimpses.

At the outset John Holland Rose, historian, Robert Halstead, co-operator, and David Shackleton, trade unionist, stood out.

On a Saturday evening in May 1903 Holland Rose called at my home to urge me to 'go ahead' with plans I had foreshadowed in the University Extension journal, of which he was then editor. His kindly bearded face with penetrating eyes beamed encouragement. As a Cambridge historian and an authority on Napoleonic studies he was well known, but it was his intense desire that working people who wished it should have fullness of opportunity to study. As a University Extension lecturer he had sensed the need, now he wanted the opportunity to be opened up.

He became fellow of Christ's and reader in modern history in 1911; professor of naval history in 1919. His interest and

cheer never ceased until he passed away in 1942. After his retirement he carefully selected his most appropriate books and presented them to the National Central Library, which might not have existed had it not been for his prophetic encouragement in 1903.

Robert Halstead, a workman co-operator, had been inspired at Hebden Bridge by the lectures of Cosmo Gordon Lang, then a curate of Leeds, and Hudson-Shaw. As a result he was determined to get as many co-operators as possible to the Oxford and Cambridge summer meetings. He was a slight frail man, but he saw to it that every one who came was comfortably settled and got the best out of the colleges and dons. He became secretary of the Labour Co-partnership Association, and exercised great and lasting influence. In him labour and learning were united.

David Shackleton, a Bolton weaver, tall, broad, bearded, of cheerful mien, was an outstanding trade union leader of the north. He brought all his power to bear in securing an alliance between Manchester University and the workmen of the north-west. In Parliament, also, he did his utmost for the whole movement. In due course he became secretary of the Ministry of Labour, was knighted, and passed away in 1938. His speeches at conferences were firm and effective. He was not eloquent or sentimental, but he always convinced workpeople. As a committee man his common sense produced great results. I sat with him in later years on the consultative committee of the Board of Education. As I think of him and of his fellow trade union leaders such as Thomas Burt of Morpeth, who completely refreshed me when tired out I visited him at Newcastle, it is in veneration and consciousness of fundamental power.

Let a procession pass.

At Oxford, Sidney Ball of St. John's College gave

hospitality at lunch and tea to a crowd of workmen delegated to the first meeting in August 1903. He longed to see Oxford enriched by working-class knowledge and experience.

His compeer at Cambridge was R. St. John Parry, vicemaster of Trinity. He recruited a bevy of the younger fellows of the college, some of whom gave their lives early in the 1914-18 war, but all achieved great work.

He and they made workmen feel that they were in spirit members of Trinity.

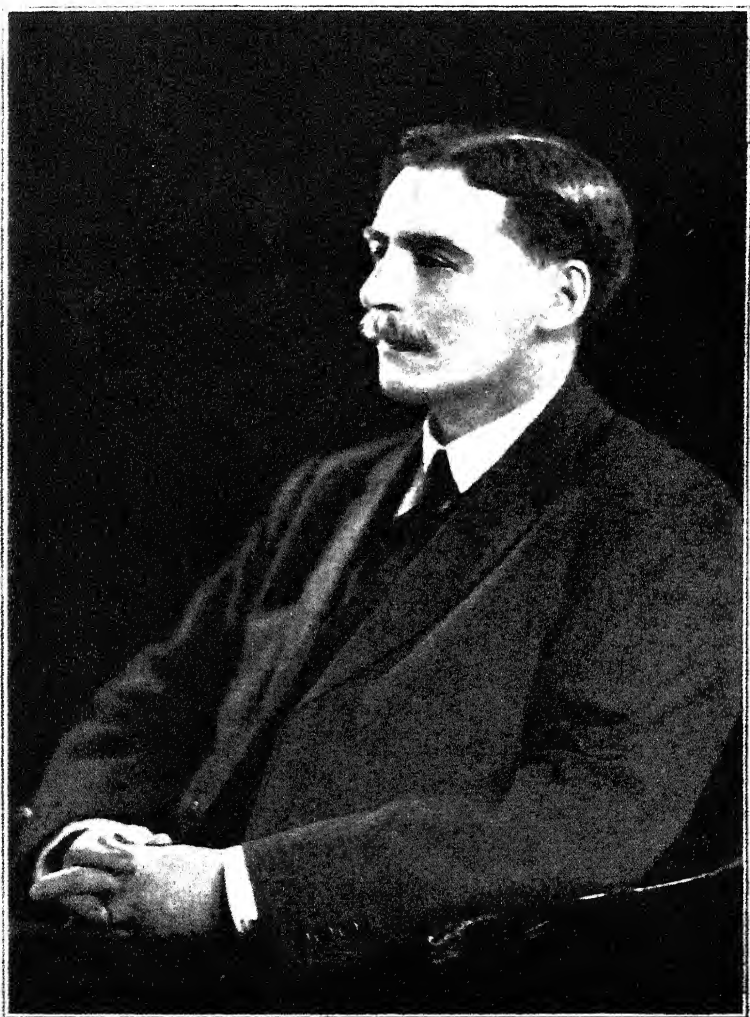
He became chairman of the government committee on Adult Education. His short lame figure never spared itself. I saw him on his last couch as keen in mind and as determined as ever that Cambridge should give and receive the best. He passed away in 1935.

Francis Cornford, fellow of the college since 1899 and who became professor of ancient philosophy in 1931, reinforced the work of Parry, by his own keen interest in workmen students. His rooms in Neville's Court became a resort of many of those who attended summer meetings. After his marriage with Frances Darwin, a granddaughter of Charles Darwin, since there was, to use her own words in her poem *The Spirit of Man*,

Each in the other the same need,  
The same  
Clear indescribable flame,

open-hearted hospitality was, if it were possible, redoubled to summer meeting students.

In 1903 W. M. Childs had been a short while principal of the University College at Reading. It was then quite small and owed its origin to University Extension and Christ Church, Oxford. In alliance with co-operators, trade unionists, and Social Democrats he devised in 1904 the first constitution for a Workers' Educational Associa-



WILLIAM MACBRIDE CHILDS



tion branch, which has been adopted not only in Great Britain but throughout the Dominions.

In his creative and administrative power Childs stands out unsurpassed in English university development during the early twentieth century. In 1904 few, if any, would have thought it possible to create a university, partly residential, between Oxford and London, but by tireless devotion and intuitive understanding of the needs and power of scholars, business men, and working people he did it, ultimately raising an income approximating to £80,000 per annum which the Privy Council demanded as a pre-condition of granting a Royal Charter, which it did in 1925. Consecrated to his task, Childs refused offers of high importance, the acceptance of which would have either taken him away or at least diverted his energies.

In 1929, at the age of sixty years, he resigned the vice-chancellorship. His work was done; foundations were firm. Reading University could front the world. In some departments, notably agriculture, it is unrivalled. His last years were spent in a house built by his own hands and those of his sons, at Grimsbury Bank, near Newbury. Outside labour was only used for skilled plumbing.

In 1903 Michael Sadler was still working at special reports for the Board of Education, so could not, as he would have wished, become president of the Workers' Educational Association. He radiated encouragement and cheer, and did so continuously from 1899, even after his retirement in 1937 from the mastership of University College, Oxford, until his passing in 1943.

John Brown Paton of Nottingham, pioneer of the extension of university lectures to working people in great cities, came into the building society office in which I was working and asked me if I could tell him where he could find Mansbridge, who, he thought, worked at Woolwich. His

delight was great when I said 'I am Mansbridge,' but mine was greater when he handed me a cheque for fifty pounds, which more than equalled the first year's income of the association.

Eric Gill, the craftsman sculptor, placed his typographical skill at our disposal. He did lettering, wrote articles for the *Highway*, the journal of the Workers' Educational Association, designed a certificate for University Tutorial Classes, which was rejected by the students, who did not want certificate hunters to be attracted to classes devised for those who wish simply to learn, think, and discuss. I have before me as I write this example of his beautiful typography.

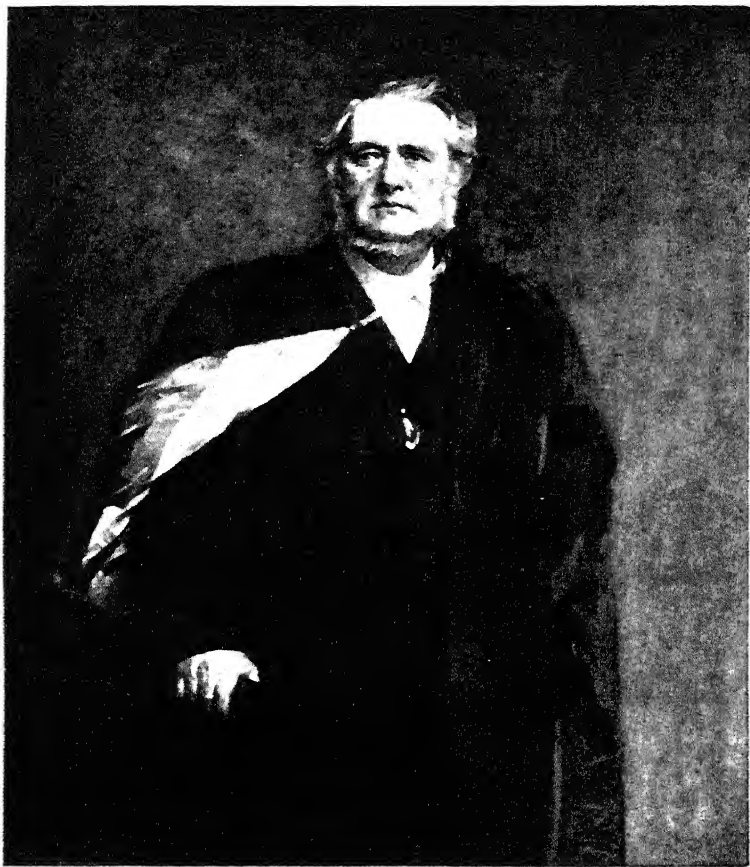
In Lambeth parish church a processional cross was dedicated after the 1914-18 war to young scholars, tutors of the Workers' Educational Association: A. C. Turner, junior dean of Trinity, Cambridge; P. A. Brown of New College; and A. E. Bland of the Record Office. It is a symbol of much service and sacrifice, both in war and peace. As the inscription on the cross records:

They lived for fellowship in England  
And died for it in France.

If before the war I had been asked to name the finest younger scholars I knew I should have included them in any list, together with Arthur Hugh Sidgwick of the then Board of Education, who was called back by H. A. L. Fisher to help him with his new Bill and then returned to die in France. If he had lived, this scholar, author, and administrator, his position in the Board would have been high, if not supreme.

In 1908 Sir Henry Miers, an Oxford scientist, became principal of the University of London. He was so unobtrusive that when I saw him first, on an extra-mural committee, I thought that he might have been a clerk called





JOHN BROWN PATON



in to take notes. This little keen-faced man lost no opportunity of helping Adult Education. To workpeople both in London and later in Manchester when he became vice-chancellor of the university, he was always hospitable both at the university and in his home. He was a descendant of Francis Place, the radical tailor of the early nineteenth century.

Sir Robert Morant left the permanent secretaryship of the Board of Education at the end of 1911. It is impossible to give a true presentation of so able and diverse a man, so I take refuge in quoting from a letter of his, written on 4th December 1911, at the time of his resignation. It reveals clearly his interest in the education of working men and women. 'What led up to the Oxford meeting which I had the pleasure of attending, seemed to me quite one of the largest matters to which we could put our hand at this board. May I, as my last word to you from this official chair, though (I hope) by no means my last word to you as a friend, sincerely and gravely beg of you to give determined attention to thinking out, and adopting ways in which you can diminish the strain on your strength.'

The unity devised in 1903 between universities and Labour organizations foreshadowed, indeed promoted, greater unities in the political and social life of England. Workers, whether with hand or brain, have made common cause. There are no class or other distinctions between men and women of high purpose.

This spirit of unity found full and ready expression in the personality of His Majesty King George V, who was with natural sympathy interested in the work and aspirations of his subjects, whether craftsmen or scholars.

I was honoured by being permitted to enter his presence on but few occasions, but my wife will never forget his

congratulations upon her treatment of me during my breakdown. To her surprise he had detailed knowledge of it.

The King's widespread interest, supported by information, was, so Bishop Gore had told me, astonishing. He seemed to be able to talk about any subject which arose spontaneously, and manifested interest in problems when the occasion was appropriate. In my own life I had two notable experiences of his kindness. I shall ever treasure the memory of the expression of his pleasure when in 1932 he conferred upon me the order of Companion of Honour.

Then there was the opening of the new building, in Malet Place, of the National Central Library. On the great day, 7th November 1933, His Majesty was interested in a human, indeed humorous, way in the smallest details of the building and the library.

In effect there was to be greeted by him a veritable gallery of England in miniature, working people, scholars, and statesmen—among them the Earl of Elgin who, as chairman of the Carnegie Trust, presented to the King the key of the door, 'as a symbol that by the opening of this door literary wealth is made available to all your subjects'; the archbishop of Canterbury, who offered up prayer 'that they who shall study the books may be guided into all truth'; Sir Frederic Kenyon, chairman of the executive committee, who afterwards gave a broadcast talk on the ceremony, and Dr. Luxmoore Newcombe, the skilled and devoted librarian.

His Majesty, in response to the address which as chairman of the trustees I had been privileged to present, said: 'The Queen and I thank you and the trustees for your loyal address. To-day I am happy to renew my association with a movement designed to meet the needs both of the general public and students in this country.' He wel-



*Elliot & Fry*

H.M. KING GEORGE V, WITH QUEEN MARY, OPENING NEW  
PREMISES OF THE NATIONAL CENTRAL LIBRARY, 1933



came 'a growing recognition that education does not end with school or college.'

So the great day passed and the working men and women who, allied with scholars, founded the library in 1916, were reassured of His Majesty's interest in their efforts to create, as he put it, 'a national university which all may attend and none need ever leave.'

On 20th January 1936 George the Fifth of England passed from mortal life, but the memories of his human kindness and cheer will never pass from his people.

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CHAPTER  
FIVE

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*Workpeople, scholars,  
and statesmen*

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IN 1914 W. E. Gye, the son of a Long Eaton workman, now director of the Imperial Cancer Research Fund, reinforced by Sir Henry Head, brought me out of an illness I contracted after an Australian mission that was judged likely to prove fatal. During his last years Sir Henry Head was an invalid and could not continue his notable pathological research. At a reception he introduced me, with my wife, to Lady Head as the 'greatest miracle of his medical career.' He was the ideal physician, translating his research work into conditions of human health, regardless of fame or reward. His energy proved too great for his mortal frame, but his spirit was virile to the end.

To my great content, the workmen who revealed simplicity and power but possessed no desire for office or fame, are with few exceptions still living. George Goodenough, a miner of Castleford, who, when called to local public work, felt compelled to go below ground once a week 'to save his soul,' was a born humorist. 'A cauliflower is a college-educated cabbage,' he said, speaking at a co-operative educational meeting.

Harry Wooldridge of Reading, who, marred by accidents at his railway work, could never refuse giving help, even with his last sixpence, to any one who needed it. At first he seemed to be materialistic, but that was a crust concealing his real nature, which was powerfully mystical in the spirit. When I see him I sit at his feet and learn.



As one who disregarded self, he stands in the forefront of the Gallery.

Of Labour statesmen and leaders, J. Ramsay MacDonald and William Graham attract special notice. It is not easy in a few words to sum up such a diversified personality as MacDonald. In family life, as I saw it when his inspiring wife Margaret was helping him and his children were at his knee, he was the complete host and father. Some have presumed to call him snobbish. The truth was that his welcome and friendship were oblivious of poverty or riches, low place or high place. On returning from the Isle of Man during his premiership, he was receiving at Liverpool station a welcome from the Lord Mayor when I, with heavy bag, sought to reach a train on the same platform. He saw me, rushed across, and brought me to his daughter Ishbel, and into the reception.

After he had retired I visited him at Frognaal, his Hampstead home, and sensed a fear of loneliness. Accordingly I suggested that on Thursday evenings, after his return from overseas, I should bring to him young men of diverse types for talk over cups of coffee. He assented eagerly, but it was not to be—the ocean claimed him.

The consequences of political rupture which ended the purely Labour Cabinet in 1931, broke William Graham's heart, and lost to England an able statesman, filled with great humility. On one occasion I said to him: 'Graham, I never thought you would develop the characteristics of a Cabinet minister, but you have.' He said with obvious pleasure: 'Do you really think so?' To almost any other Labour minister I knew at that time I could not have said it without being rude. I had planned to talk with him over the inner meaning of the rupture, but he passed away, leaving memories behind for those who knew him to treasure in sorrow.

Graham was a member of the Royal Commission on the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, which reported in 1922, as I also was. He was too preoccupied to attend often, but when he did, Asquith, the chairman, eagerly sought his advice, but that was characteristic of so great a man. In fact, if ever he thought I might have a point of view, he asked me to express it. Asquith's chairmanship, without bias, was superb.

After the report I became a member of the Statutory Commission on the University of Oxford. On it I came to know C. R. Cruttwell, who became principal of Hertford, succeeding Buchanan-Riddell, who accepted the chairmanship of the University Grants Committee. Cruttwell was honest and outspoken. He detested shams and artificialities, and never hesitated, if occasion arose, to expose them, but paradoxically enough he had deep humility with the power to perceive realities in men often obscured by crusted superficial bearing and expression. He felt on what proved to be his last bed, when I visited him, that the light was shining for him again, but it was not destined to guide his earthly steps back to Oxford, which needed him sorely.

At Cambridge I often saw Sir J. J. Thomson, the father of English physics. He was simplicity itself, quite unaware of exterior appearances. On one occasion I saw him devouring, as with scientific appetite, the window display of a toilet and scent shop in the High Street. His love of thrillers was well known. In the years I knew him he seemed to possess the spirit of a child, but he was magnificent in his great moments or hours.

The Cambridge scientists were the most simple of men. Bragg, Rutherford, and Eddington were personalities apart from their genius. In all my experience I have never known greater welcome and willingness to talk on affairs

than that which characterized great scientists, even though I had no scientific knowledge or experience.

Montague James, when provost of King's College, introduced me to *Bulldog Drummond*. It seemed that great scholars are partial to good thrillers. As provost of Eton, James was hospitable. To listen to his talk over tea was to enjoy the humour of the universe. Although so different, W. A. Spooner, warden of New College, had the same gracious *bonhomie*.

Spooner was the simplest and gentlest of men to any one, workmen included, whom he met in common room or quadrangle. In his quaint way he revealed the story of the college as he displayed the craft and art work of early days. He might also refer 'to the verbal infelicities with which I understand my name is connected.' As for myself, I only heard precise and dainty English from him, but a friend told me that he heard him say in chapel, 'The early English convicts' (converts), but I doubt his hearing. What fun the Oxford wags must have had as they created 'Spoonerisms,' based on 'Kinquering Congs.' After his retirement I saw Spooner gently happy in his north Oxford home.

His successor at New College, H. A. L. Fisher, was not so easy to know. About him was an air of reserve, but I had met him when he was editor of the Home University Library in its early days, and it was quite obvious that he not only welcomed, but desired counsel. At Sheffield he was a wise administrator, and few, if any, were surprised that Lloyd George called him to be Minister of Education. He laboured unceasingly at the 1918 Bill. On the terrace of the House, I found him perturbed concerning works schools. He was indeed nervous, but was cheered at the possibility of Labour support, which was given later by J. H. Thomas. It proved a great and abiding sorrow to

him during his years as warden of New College that the Act was to a great extent inoperative. At cricket matches in the parks he could often be seen, a somewhat lonely figure, but ever ready to welcome a friend. His powers of work were great and he was planning almost a new career when, hastening to public business, he met with a fatal road accident.

Robert Bridges sent to me, in November 1929, inscribed copies of his then just published *Testament of Beauty* 'for distribution in honourable association with your cause.' He was thinking chiefly of his workmen friends at Swindon, and Reuben George in particular. 'I fear,' he wrote, 'that I may not sufficiently disguise my aristocratic prejudices in my last poem.' His wish was that ordinary men and women 'should be educated in spiritual things' and so become aristocratic in the true sense of the word.

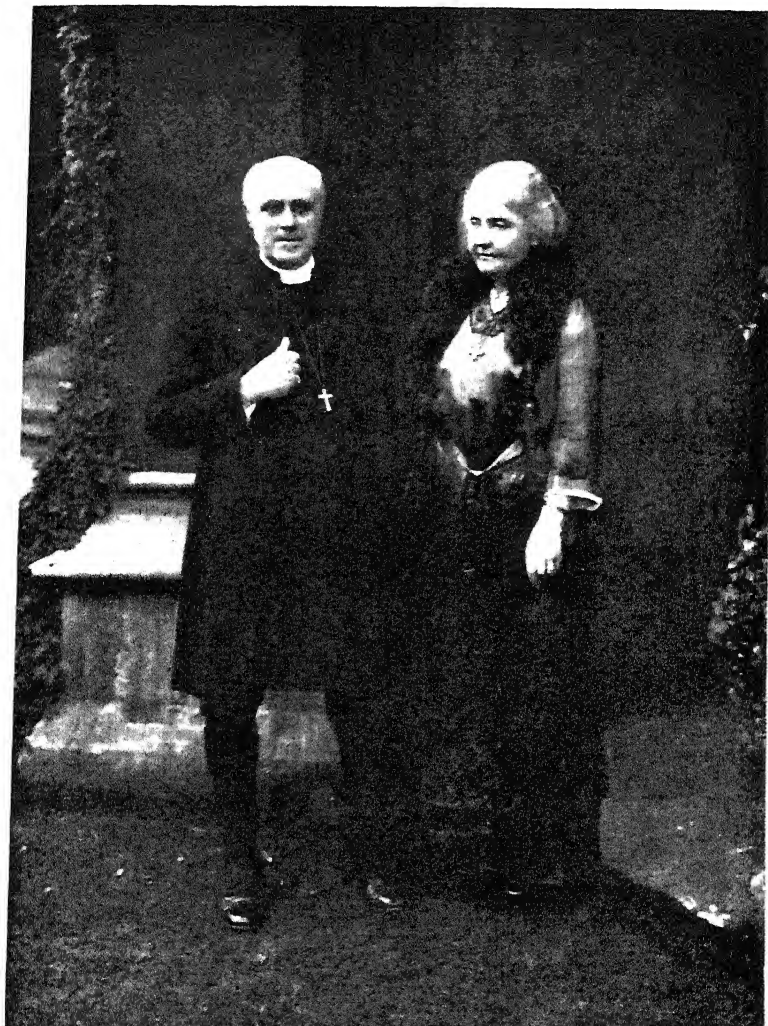
Honest pots and pans  
May for their unsophisticated beauty excel  
A prize diploma-picture of our academy.

So he wrote; so he felt when he thought of labouring men becoming their best and highest selves.

Among the notable picturesque figures in the Cambridge Gallery during the early part of the twentieth century, Montagu Butler had a place of his own.

To be welcomed to the lodgings of the master of Trinity was a real experience, for there one met, at normal times, a galaxy of great men. In Butler's time the college was enriched with men of science such as Rutherford and Eddington, but over all was the human spirit *in excelsis*. As chairman of a meeting he was in later years mysterious, at times he was apparently asleep, but at the essential moment he would take up the threads unerringly.

Just before he passed on he talked with me concerning a memorial to his son. He would have liked to be helpful



*J. Russell & Sons*

RANDALL DAVIDSON, ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY,  
WITH HIS WIFE



to workpeople students. As one thinks of Trinity now, it seems that the spirit of Butler overhangs it.

In my time I saw five archbishops of Canterbury and came to know three of them well—Randall Davidson, Cosmo Gordon Lang, and William Temple. Davidson, reinforced by Edith his wife, was ever eager to take counsel. In that he was truly great.

Lang, a different type of man, was helpful and courteous to a degree. In early years he inspired workmen students and gave his help to any Adult Education meetings, when he was free to do so. He never failed to write afterwards, as on 20th October 1909: 'I greatly enjoyed the meeting at Sheffield'; and then with characteristic courtesy: 'My one regret was that you had not some opportunity of speaking.'

He was, however, so precise in the meaning of words that it was well to watch one's step when talking with or writing to him.

Suffering in his mind because of attacks made on him during the 1914-18 war, his remarkable efficiency was transfigured by a greater understanding of humanity.

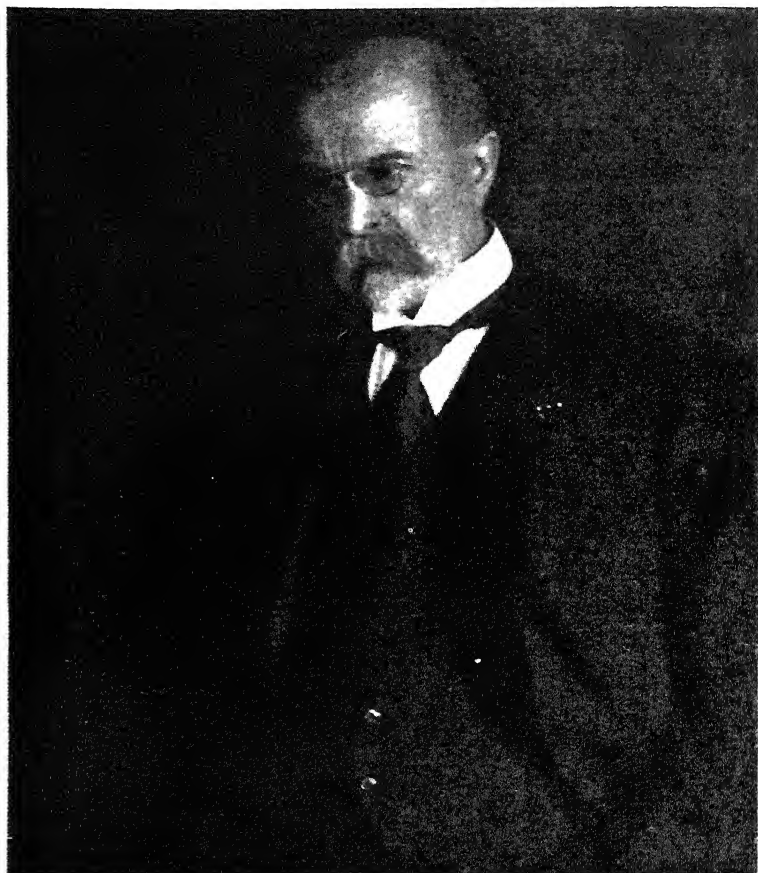
It may reasonably appear that, apart from Margaret McMillan, few women are revealed. To have dealt with them adequately would have needed another section of this book. They have been as streams of force and power, not only for their own direct work, refreshing and re-creating that of men. Those I have known best include Jane Walker, the pioneer of open-air treatment for tuberculosis; Eleanor M. Sidgwick, a foundress of Newnham, who felt that through mathematics she could best approach mysticism; Elizabeth Wordsworth, first principal of Lady Margaret Hall; Winifred Mercier, who re-created White-lands College; Millicent Garrett Fawcett, who in addition to her own great work made much of that of her blind

husband possible; Margaret Llewellyn Davies, who laboured largely through the Co-operative Movement for women, and many others to whom 'counsel and a tongue, and eyes, ears, and a heart' were given 'to understand,' but whose inspiring worth was known only to those about them.

Just a last glance. Gerard Collier, a son of Lord Monkswell, was sent to Castleford to submit himself for approval as tutor to a crowd of left-wing working men and women students who wished to meet on a Sunday. Now Collier was a devoted churchman and certainly not left-wing in politics. 'It was as though Christ came into Castleford,' said the sympathetic schoolmaster to me. In very truth the Sunday class was arranged out of church hours and many students attended services with their tutor, who had made his class one of the best in the movement. The peer's son became one with workmen. Diversities of experience were forgotten. They are and ever will be, by men and women of goodwill, pursuing a common purpose.







T. G. Masaryk  
157, '21  
President of the World Association  
for  
Adult Education.

THOMAS GARRIGUE MASARYK

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CHAPTER  
SIX

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*In other lands*

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THERE rise before me notable figures who have entered the English Gallery, in their minds and spirits, and even with their whole beings for periods of time. Some of them I have seen in England and away from it, others only in their own lands.

Great among them was Thomas Garrigue Masaryk, president of the Czechoslovak Republic. I met him first during 1915 at King's College in London, where he held a Slavonic professorship. In 1919 I visited Prague with a group of Labour notables as a guest of the republic. Masaryk, as president, received us. His was an unobtrusive, tall figure with keen welcoming eyes set above a heavy moustache, slight beard, and firm mouth. He loved Englishmen. In work for Adult Education, he became a ready adviser and president of the World Association.

Masaryk, like, it would seem, the majority of great men, was born of humble stock. His father was a coachman and he himself worked at a blacksmith's forge, studying in his spare time. He was a natural scholar, and ultimately he became a professor in the University of Prague. Its freedom from Austrian control after the war was a great joy to him.

He had to do with troubles which, after his passing, brought his country into the grinding mills of inhumanity. His disciple, Beneš, whom I also met in London and Prague, carries on, reinforced by Jan Masaryk, the great work of

the master, whose spirit cannot be better expressed than in the concluding words of his book, *The Making of a State*:

In our Democratic Republic, freedom of conscience and toleration must not merely be codified but realized in every domain of public life.

The Father of our Nation and our historical past alike enjoin upon us pure Christianity, the teaching of Jesus and His law of life. Democracy is the political form of the humane ideal.

He presented me with this book, autographing it '21. XII. 27.' It will ever be to me a symbol of greatness and humility in the power of the spirit.

Since my own experiences have been mainly in the United States and in the British Commonwealth, I do not propose to deal with other European or with Asiatic figures, although I have met many concerned with education.

Australia, when I visited it in 1913, had several powerful personalities, prominent among them Sir James Barrett, an eager internationalist who was determined to introduce into Australia the best educational methods, in particular, although not exclusively, those of the United States and England. He scoured the world to collect records of social and musical experience.

He was the eldest son of a Banbury medico who arrived from England at Melbourne in 1860 as doctor on an emigrant ship, and was induced to stay. Born in Melbourne, James, the eldest of nine children, passed through the Church of England Grammar School, entered the university and graduated in medicine. In 1883 he came to London and became F.R.C.S. and took the first steps to becoming an optical and aural expert. He served in the 1914-18 war, and in 1916 he became a British lieutenant-colonel. I saw him frequently in London, but in 1913 he had not only promoted the visit of my wife and myself to the six states of Australia, but, as Sir John Latham, chief justice,

records, 'he paid all the expenses out of his own pocket.' Our welcome at his Toorak home was as if we had come at great sacrifice to help Australia. In fact, to quote the chief justice again, our campaign 'marked the beginning of active work in Adult Education.' The interest of James Barrett never lagged, for he wrote to me in 1940, hoping to bring the College of the Sea into the service of the Australian Merchant Navy.

It can never be understood how this virile man concerned himself successfully, his medical work not suffering but developing as a result, with town planning, children's playgrounds, national parks, and historical memorials, in addition to educational work which culminated in his chancellorship of the University of Melbourne.

He was, indeed, a great empire figure. 'My pride in and affection for England,' he wrote just before his passing in April 1945, 'has been fanned into flame by her heroic deeds in recent years.' The day before he passed on he had attended a bush nursing meeting. 'He had been so well and bright,' wrote his wife to me, 'we were planning to go for a holiday.' His last book, published after his passing, *Eighty Eventful Years*, was fitly named. Australia was truly 'felix' in having such a son.

At Adelaide, in the home of Sir Samuel Way, lieutenant-governor of South Australia, I came to know Sir George Reid, a burly man. He had been High Commissioner in London and knew England well. His bluff oratory appealed to any audience. It is said that only once was he incapable of a retort. 'If I were to die to-night——' he began in a moment of passionate conviction at an election meeting in Sydney, but before he could say what he would die for, a voice from the rear rang out: 'The fat would be in the fire then, George.'

In George Merrick Long, Australia had a true leader.

When bishop of Bathurst he became head of Australian Army Education in the 1914-18 war. I served under him and spent two months in the residential school at Cheshunt College, Cambridge. Thus I saw him, for a time, daily. His cheerfulness and human characteristics were a fitting background to his eager and intrepid ability. He was so markedly himself that he did not differ in his treatment of any one, whether highly or lowly placed. In the school itself was a vicar destined to become a bishop, a future vice-chancellor of a university, and a Cabinet minister of South Australia. Cambridge thought so highly of Long that after hearing him in King's College Chapel, it conferred on him the Honorary Degree of LL.D. and asked him to preach the Advent sermon.

The most vivid picture of him that I can recall is leading the 'Diggers' early on the morning of Armistice Day (1918) to the market-place in Cambridge. It was the first procession to reach it, and was probably the first time a bishop had led to it a cheering crowd—and 'Diggers' can cheer.

Before he returned home he visited Bishop Gore at Cuddesdon, Bishop Talbot at Farnham, and Christopher Turnor at Stoke Rochford. He so impressed both Gore and Talbot that separately they said to me, 'He would make a good archbishop of Canterbury.' Turnor never forgot him.

After having worked with statesmanlike ability at the proposed new constitution for the Australian Church, and becoming bishop of Newcastle, he returned to England for the Lambeth Conference of 1924. Following a Sunday at Welwyn Garden City, where he conducted an open-air service, he passed quite suddenly away on the morning of a conference meeting.

Before revealing a few figures in Canada and the United States, I will take a glance at Newfoundland, for there the

English tradition was most obvious. It was expressed in the terms of Devon, as Devon was a century or even three centuries ago, and perhaps still is in remote villages. In the outports, often inaccessible by road or rail, absolute honesty based on rigid religious principles prevailed. No one bothered to lock a door. As for resource, it abounded. I thought to myself, they could mend a machine with a piece of string. At Bona Vista I met a fisherman, Heber Way, who, called upon to do so, built a stone church, one of the three I saw in the Dominion, having simply the blue-prints and the faith of the Anglican vicar to guide and inspire him. The church, although much smaller, reminded me of Manchester Cathedral. His forefathers may have built Devon churches.

It is sad that so honest a people should have suffered exploitation by a self-seeking if not corrupt few, and in a manner that brought about the suspension of parliamentary government and the creation of a commission. But the oldest Dominion in the British Commonwealth will rise to fullness of freedom again.

Of my Canadian friends who stand high, all but a few are still active. On my earlier visits to Toronto, Sir Robert Falconer was chancellor of the university. He was modest but forceful, a wise administrator, attracting to the university able British scholars.

Family life and influence is strong in Canada. I saw it clearly expressed by the Parkins. Sir George himself was an international figure, best remembered as secretary of the Rhodes Trust. A backwoods boy, born in 1846, he worked his way to the University of New Brunswick, graduating in 1867. Oxford was, however, as Mecca to him.

The straightforward vision of life which was his he revealed in clear terms, not only to his gentle wife and children, but to his notable sons-in-law, W. L. Grant and Vincent

Massey. At the house on Chelsea Embankment and in Toronto I was inspired, after he had passed away, by the simple questing faith of Anne, Lady Parkin. His striving to bring 'the English-speaking peoples together in firm, confident, and enduring unity' is having its effect to-day. Perhaps his understanding of England was best revealed in his *Life and Letters of Edward Thring*, the famous head master of Uppingham. Thring himself wished Parkin to write it, which was a surprise—he being a Canadian—but it was justified.

W. M. Childs, creator of the University of Reading, had his counterpart in John G. Bowman of Pittsburgh who, however, found a university in being and greater resources to draw upon. At least his skill made resources. He was drawn to Pittsburgh because the development of the university was far behind what the town and state needed. In a few years the case was altered; both students and faculty increased rapidly.

He planned a 'cathedral of learning,' and determined to utilize not only the finest architectural ability but the best craftsmanship. 'It is the greatest conception of college building,' I said to Andrew Mellon when he was ambassador in London, 'since Wolsey planned but was not allowed to complete Cardinal College, now Christ Church, at Oxford.'

On the occasion of an unannounced visit he had examined and estimated each of the Oxford and Cambridge colleges. Afterwards I took him to All Souls. He sat in the common room, shyly quiet, looking like a Lombard Street clerk, when a Fellow asked him a question. At once he held the distinguished group spellbound. After his departure, one of the Fellows said, amid general approval: 'That is the sort of man who ought to be President of the United States.'



Harvard, owing to the power of Charles William Eliot, was in full swing when Lawrence Lowell became president in 1909. During twenty-four years of office, he introduced or developed most notably the tutorial system and residential houses. There was nothing important in universities, particularly Oxford and Cambridge, that he did not consider, always striving to enrich Harvard. As a lecturer on the Lowell Foundation I was his guest, both at Harvard and in his Marlborough Street house.

Lowell championed the League of Nations in 1919. He, in sorrow at the necessity, would have rejoiced in the United Nations Organization, but he passed away in 1932 at the ripe age of eighty-six.

Louis Dembitz Brandeis, an associate-justice of the Supreme Court from 1916 to 1939, was always keen to welcome and consult Englishmen. Franklin D. Roosevelt said at the justice's passing on 5th October 1941: 'The whole nation will bow in reverence to his memory.'

A good talk was the breath of life to him. On one occasion, just after the 1914-18 war, Herbert Hoover, then Secretary for Commerce, Brandeis, and I discussed food and other problems facing Europe for over three hours in his modest flat. Brandeis always championed the inarticulate masses, or those whose voices were lost in cross-currents or clashes of opinion. To him I owe my view of the Supreme Court in Session. His bright eager face shone out of its dignified calm. Almost up to her passing away at the end of the 1939-45 war his generous wife sent to me donations to help work for seamen and Adult Education, or for persons in need.

The generosity of Americans is proverbial, their hospitality abundant. Through Henry Clay, warden of Nuffield College, I came in 1920 to know Hiram Hallé and his sister Sara Schaffner. Hallé, I have often said, was the most

sensible man I ever met. He dealt with oil refinery, but with prescience would never go into Hitler's Germany. When the Germans wanted him they had to come to London or New York, and they got only that which he could not refuse.

He was a collector of art and craft treasures, but whether it was in his offices or his Fifth Avenue flat or at his Poundridge house, everything was displayed in perfect taste. I have never seen antiquity and utility so blended. Hallé loved work, and helped the education of the people with all generosity and power. This short, bearded, stout little man consistently helped English causes for social betterment. He passed away, still at his work, in 1945.

In visiting other countries, particularly the United States, I soon discovered that I came to understand the people, and was able to assess current opinion, not so much in circles where I was known, but in the small smoking compartments set apart in the carriages of long-distance trains. Moreover, it is almost impossible to get a true view if one is known. Unless one can break away, and wander, it is difficult to hear other than nice things said by those who like Englishmen and are ready or willing to meet them.

Fortunately I was not confined to any stream of like persons, because my visits as a rule were made to universities of all types, wherever I went in U.S.A., Canada, or Australia. In almost every town I addressed working people.

The possibilities of World Co-operation in years to come are greater because of these figures in the Gallery, and the groups of students, teachers, and workers who, uncontaminated by material rivalries, desire it.

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## PART II

### OUTSTANDING FIGURES







*William Martin*

REUBEN GEORGE AND ALBERT MANSBRIDGE

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 REUBEN GEORGE

1864-1936

*Workman*


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ON almost any day for many years a casual visitor to Swindon might have seen in the main street a short stocky figure, clad in well-worn ready-mades, with a cloth cap set anyhow on his head, his pockets bulging with books, greeting and being greeted as he distributed leaflets, his name 'Reuben' on many lips. He was a Swindon character. In his time he had been mayor of Swindon and an alderman of the Wiltshire County Council. It was at an Oxford summer meeting in 1907 that he first barged into me—barged is the word—and captured me.

His story is both simple and rugged. He was born at a bootshop in Barton Street, Gloucester. I knew the shop. After compulsory attendance at school he went into the wagon works, where in early manhood he was injured, his right hand rendered useless for manual work. He migrated to Swindon and earned a meagre living as an insurance agent for his wife and three young sons. He became an ardent left-wing politician. The lamp-post his forum, his slogan was 'Down with everything that is up.' He admitted no religion, but brotherhood was his dynamic.

In course of time he attended a course of University Extension Lectures by Hudson Shaw. He was inspired, and gained a scholarship to the Oxford Summer School. There he met the W.E.A. Group, in which professors and workmen were united.

Both Alfred Zimmern and William Temple became heroes to him. They, with weavers from Rochdale and potters from Lancashire, drew out the master passion, so long unrevealed, of his life. He continued his left-wing activities and professed atheism, but they were ennobled in him. No man had a larger sense of fellowship with men not of his class, or translated more completely the teachings of Christ into the common life.

When mayor of Swindon, he would not sit as a magistrate. He could not judge his fellows. He fought conditions of living. No one ever heard him say a harsh word of any one. His sense of humour was vivid. At Chippenham, where he stood as a Labour candidate for Parliament, his slogan was: 'You have King George, you have had Lloyd George, and all you want is Reuben George.' But they did not get him.

At Oxford he attended the services in St. Mary's, and scandalized some by saying 'Hear, hear' to utterances of William Temple. In reality he was a Christian, but he did not know it.

Later, when he organized summer rambles to places of interest accessible to Swindon, he always arranged or sought to arrange for the vicar to hold a service in church for his three or even four hundred Swindonians. Clergy from Swindon were not infrequently in his band.

During winter there was a gathering every Saturday in a school hall. As in summer, it was 'bring your own mug' for tea. It did not matter to him who the speaker was, but Lord Haldane, Robert Bridges, Alfred Zimmern, and Bishop Masterman spoke at the gatherings more than once. In one of the last addresses of his life, Lord Haldane urged them to study the Gospel of St. John.

As member both of the Borough and County Education Committees he did all he could for the children of the poor,



and by personal encouragement, backed by financial help when he could get it, he started several of them on scholastic careers.

His small room at home was packed with books. He carried some, when he went out, to lend or to sell. The publications of Alfred Williams, the Hammerman Poet, whose portrayals of Wiltshire life were vivid and true, were pressed upon all who could buy. To him Williams owed much of the happiness which gleamed at times through his clouded days. In addition to gatherings and lectures he promoted serious study. The Swindon Three Years Pioneer Tutorial Class, under R. V. Lennard, Fellow of Wadham, was a marked success.

In all that Reuben did, his sweet and gentle wife reinforced him, and his sons followed in his steps. In reality Reuben, marred workman, was a great leader, with fire from on high as he trod ahead on a way lightened by love of the beautiful and pure in the common life. I saw him on his death-bed. He was gentle and resigned, hungering still for the development of Swindon.

On the day of his funeral, shops were closed and blinds drawn. Great crowds of people who could not get in massed about the parish church. Mourners from Oxford and London were there. The bishop of Bristol officiated. I preached the funeral sermon. As I did so I felt, as indeed always of Reuben, that 'of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.'

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 WILLIAM TEMPLE

1881-1944

*Archbishop*


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FREDERICK TEMPLE, archbishop of Canterbury, 1896-1902, father of William, stands out in my mind as a rugged, forceful figure, who had passed through difficulties which would have stopped the course of an ordinary youth or man. I often thought of him studying by the light on a Balliol stairway, because he could not afford to have one in his room.

My most vivid memory of him is as he was on Advent Sunday 1892 in Westminster Abbey. It is of him in the pulpit, not of his sermon but of the powerful rendering of the closing words of the collect, 'Now and ever, Amen.' They rang out as a burning challenge.

I had heard much of him, especially from one who had been a chorister at Exeter Cathedral during his episcopate there, but I never met him. The last time I heard and saw him was at a consecration of bishops in Westminster Abbey.

Of William's mother, as of William, I knew little or nothing until 1905.

On 12th August in that year, after an Oxford Conference on Evening Schools, William Temple was brought by R. H. Tawney, his old Rugby and Balliol friend, to tea in the hall of Christ Church. He had recently been elected, after a first in greats, to a fellowship at Queen's College. At once he made friends, paid his subscription as a member of the Workers' Educational Association,

realizing as he did so that he was entering a new area of experience, for he was welcomed as one of themselves by potters from Staffordshire, weavers from Lancashire, and miners from Durham.

He became, in days afterwards, their joyous companion, ever ready to visit them in their homes, or punt them on the river when they came during summer and other meetings to Oxford. His mother, gracious and hospitable, made them welcome at 9 Keble Road. He loved to discuss any matter with them as an equal—no, I am sure he subconsciously thought them his superiors. Being brought thus into companionship with fine types of working men and women, and their children, must have affected his whole attitude to Labour and its problems throughout his life.

In 1908, his ordination year, the Workers' Educational Association, under an enlarged constitution, decided to appoint a president. The Rev. G. W. Hudson-Shaw, also of Balliol, had been chairman of its executive, but he was keen, as indeed was every one, that Temple should be the first president. He was duly elected, and remained in office until 1924, when his onerous duties as bishop of Manchester made resignation inevitable. It was my privilege as secretary to work with him until 1915, when the results of my breakdown caused me to cease.

To me he was both adviser and friend. As a truly great man he never did anything for the Workers' Educational Association without taking counsel. At times—they were very few—my eagerness to press on in committee meetings might have caused him a slight irritation, but it was only revealed by a fleeting glance, never by words.

In the development of University Tutorial Classes he took an active part, and became joint secretary with me of the Oxford Tutorial Classes Committee at its first meeting on 14th November 1908, and continued to serve until 1910,

when he became head master of Repton. I cannot remember any occasion on which, his duties at Queen's allowing, he failed to go anywhere, anywhen, if his presence was needed. He was an ideal chairman, not only of committees, but of the enormous meetings which were held in such places as Manchester, Sheffield, and Reading.

In many ways, at many times, the Workers' Educational Association has expressed its gratitude for his great leadership. I therefore need not continue to do so, but will deal with him as a friend and counsellor to myself until his passing on 26th October 1944.

I do not propose to reproduce his kindly and generous letters, which came to me in times of difficulty. In 1910 he urged me to break off work and take the chance of a sea voyage. I cannot help using his own words to me on my return. They are characteristic of his great spirit. He had just entered on his headmastership of Repton.

'Welcome back! Somehow we have survived without you. The annual meeting at Reading was very good—Gore magnificent. Now, do remember that the office can get on with very little of your time—it has just proved it—and give yourself to evolving new ideas, diffusing inspiration, and solidifying finance. I am still to be a delegate and secretary of the joint committee until Christmas. It is good to feel you are with us again.'

I saw him at what I felt to be the height of his power on a Sunday evening in August 1912. He had preached in the University Church to a throng of Oxford summer meeting students, including at least two hundred working men and women, from the text, 'Like as the hart desireth the waterbrooks: so longeth my soul after thee, O God' (Psalm xlii, 1). His sermon was listened to breathlessly, except for 'hear hears' (unprecedented in such a church) from the gallery.





MARGARET MCMILLAN AND WILLIAM TEMPLE AT BALLIOL  
COLLEGE, SUMMER MEETING, 1912

After dinner Balliol Hall was filled by those who wished to discuss, or listen to a discussion on, the sermon. In those days many workmen were declared atheists or agnostics. The influence of Bradlaugh was strong. Temple was attacked, not bitterly, but with determination and persistence. He dealt with every point raised with that imperturbable simplicity which was characteristic of him. Just on midnight he rose to reply finally. Attack by men of goodwill had inspired him, and he became as one transfigured. By this effort alone he did much to banish atheistic opinions from the minds of thoughtful and sincere working men and women. The meeting was as leaven, for those at it came from the length and breadth of Great Britain.

It was not merely his words, but his simple spiritual power which affected his hearers. The radiance from heaven fell upon his face in that midnight hour.

At an opposition meeting to the Workers' Educational Association in the East End of London, by his obvious integrity and fairness he won the hearts and minds of the delegates, so George Lansbury told me, and later the chief opponent confirmed it, although, instructed by their union branches, they had to vote against his resolution.

In thinking of him, generally, I am convinced that his power lay in his childlike spirit. He was without guile. At the same time it is perhaps regrettable that his life was, externally at least, devoid of real difficulties. His way was plain and always successful. 'If only,' I remember Canon Barnett thinking with me, 'we could get him into a spot of real difficulty, it would be so good, for in facing it and overcoming it he would become even stronger.'

In his high positions he had critics, but their criticisms, just or otherwise, in so far as he heard them, were welcomed

by him. He knew that gifts are diverse, and that no man, certainly not himself, possessed them all.

I have myself, in my time, ventured to criticize him, but he did not resent it. Moreover, he was ever ready to discuss details of the Christian faith with me, more especially as his ordination in 1908 at Canterbury drew near, which, since I was at Nelson in Lancashire at the time, I could not attend. However, I was in the spirit with him at the early service of Holy Communion in the parish church. Of his notable work as head master of Repton, bishop of Manchester, and archbishop of York I shall not here speak.

After his enthronement as archbishop of Canterbury at which I was present I saw but little of him, although greetings from Mrs. Temple and himself reached me often. In a strange manner, I had a premonition that he would not reach old age, but I was sure that he would deliver his own simple strong messages as primate. He did, and the people heard it. At times, on points of detail, he may have excited experts on economic questions, but his fundamentals were firm and acceptable. He was as a brother to all men.

On two occasions in the last year of his life I heard him speak. Indeed I acted as his chairman at the first annual lecture of the National Book League on 21st May 1943. It delighted me and amused him when I produced his first book, *Robert Browning, an Essay*, printed for private circulation, 1904, the year of his graduation at Oxford. It came to me through John Lewis Paton, who had him as a pupil in the Classical Sixth at Rugby. He told the audience of his assembling the upper boys at Repton, weekly, to discuss Browning. His lecture was delightfully personal and the great audience was enthralled. It seemed that speaking was to him a pleasant interlude in a busy life.



The other occasion was to men and women of the Bomber Command on 16th June 1944. In a quiet manner, nothing pontifical about him, he discussed, as with friends, the problems which would arise after the war. He welcomed and answered any questions in a quiet, almost humorous way. The thousand or so present went away with much to discuss. It was, they felt, according to after reports, an outstanding experience. 'Just one of themselves,' they said.

The succeeding day he came to my nearby cottage to see my wife and myself. He was just as years ago, full of cheer and confidence. We were slightly apprehensive, but comforted by his radiance.

In the same cottage a few months later, just after I had had a kindly reassuring letter from his secretary, listening to the nine p.m. news, I heard the words 'The Archbishop of Canterbury . . .' and my heart fell before the dread following words were spoken. He had cast off his earthly vesture as a garment that had served him and his people well, in the spirits of his great father and gracious mother, rooted in the Church of God. He was, in early years, a communicant in that humility which did not decrease but increased when, on the throne of Canterbury, he succeeded in the line of St. Augustine.

I cannot but feel that his earthly life was complete, a perfect arc, even though conscious of the great loss which England sustained at his passing. 'He being dead yet speaketh.'

As I conclude I see him once again—a young don, laughing and serving; fronting eager crowds in calm and quiet confidence; punting, clad in blazer and flannels, working men, women, and children on the Isis; a preacher radiant with the light eternal; the punctilious secretary and chairman of committees; the benevolent head master of a

public school; a London rector devoted to life and liberty; a canon of Westminster; bishop of Manchester; in the primatial sees of York and Canterbury; always the same lover of his fellows, esteeming them in the power of the Spirit. I see him happy on his marriage day, calm and unassertive on his enthronement at Canterbury—great days. Always and ever I see his devoted wife cheering his footsteps and tending him.

Now in my highest moments of vision, I see him transfigured in the untrammelled and eternal heavenly host, helping us still, although we cannot perceive it with mortal senses, but only in the Spirit which makes us one with him for ever.





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 CHARLES GORE

1853-1932

*Preacher*


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AS a young clerk in offices of the Education Department, it was my wont to visit Westminster Abbey, and it was there in the pulpit that I first saw Charles Gore. He was delivering a course of addresses on 'The Sermon on the Mount.' I was inspired and thrilled. He seemed to be striving to climb a ladder to the heavens, so manifest was his humility. At the time, 1894, I was editing *The Union Observer* for the Junior Civil Service Prayer Union, so, with my accustomed temerity, I wrote to him and asked him to write an article for the paper. He replied, not consenting, but asked me to go to see him at 4 Little Cloisters. My visit proved to be an important event in my life.

In his study he revealed himself to me as a higher type of man than I had ever seen or imagined. I did not get my article but I found a friend.

He gave me entry for the first time into a world of spiritual power and learning, for at his supper table, which I sat at almost weekly, I met men, both clerics and statesmen, in free and open converse, and usually had a quiet talk with Gore himself. In an unobtrusive way he gave me counsel, urging me to give up much of my activity and settle down to study and thought.

In 1902 he became bishop of Worcester and there in his simple house—he would not live at Hartlebury Castle—

I was a frequent visitor, as also at Bishopscroft, when in 1905 he became bishop of Birmingham. After his translation in 1911 to the see of Oxford, Cuddesdon became a second home to my wife, my young son, and myself.

He had the gift of human happiness. At his table it was always fun. There was no obvious piety about him, but a warm human sympathy. His guests chaffed him and he paid them back in kind. All were equal.

To give my impressions of him is a task wellnigh impossible, but I will attempt it rather than give a series of anecdotes.

By common consent he stands as the most notable cleric of his time. His influence was deep and widespread. At Oxford he created a constructive attitude to the Church and its doctrines. His Bampton Lectures on 'The Incarnation of the Son of God,' and of course *Lux Mundi*, opened out new vistas without disturbing fundamentals. His mind, in the power of his spirit, was adventurous in the extreme, but he had, as always, loyalty, which was so deep-rooted that it hindered and stayed his desire to say and to do much that his nature bade him.

After the publication of *Lux Mundi* he was heartbroken at the sorrow of Liddon, a father in the faith to him, and, perchance without consciously realizing it, he modified his course. True that he had the vision. He had reached the heights and that must suffice him for the rest of his days. Henceforth he would be the evangelist, the expositor, and live the life. It seemed that he did, as some of his critics averred, stop forward thinking. B. H. Streeter once complained to me that he had 'opened the door for them and then banged it to.'

As for the Christ life, since his boyhood at Harrow he had determined to live as nearly as a human could, even as

Christ would live in our time. Celibacy was therefore inevitable, but no man rejoiced more than he did when any of his friends married. As for little children, he loved them all and could never resist playing with them. He always wanted to see them first, in vicarages or workmen's homes. On one occasion at Westminster, as we were going to the A.B.C. for a cup of tea, he, in full episcopal garb, saw some ragged little urchins playing with the sand in a street bin at the corner. I said to myself, 'Will he stop?' He did, and joined them in their fun.

Except for his regulated pipe and an occasional glass of wine, he was ascetic. This was not so obvious when he entertained guests, although plain food was *de rigueur*; neither was it at Cuddesdon, for example, where his chaplain arranged his meals.

The Community of the Resurrection was the result of his determination to follow Christ's methods—a little band of men, having everything in common, pledged to preach Christ as they moved about the world, but with no life vows. His own family could be forgiven for deploring that this brilliant scholar, with the world before him, should take such a path. They must have rejoiced, however, when he became a canon of Westminster, and later when, in obedience to his conception of the place of a bishop, he resigned from the community. In this Walter Frere, one of the earliest members, did not follow him, when he became bishop of Truro.

His attitude to money was determined partly by his family loyalties. He gave a family bequest of £10,000 to the Bishopric of Birmingham fund, but to him it was not his money. He determined to repay it, and this explains why he left £10,000 in his will to a needy branch of the family. Meanwhile he had lived, after his retirement from Oxford, on the interest and such income as he received

from royalties and his lectureship at King's College, London, 1919-32.

I found him once deploring that he had no money to give away. I told him that was something to be thankful for; of all tasks the giving of money rightly is the most difficult.

There has been, in many minds, a thought that he was narrow, created by his absolute and complete loyalty to the decisions and practice of the Church. He would never break its laws; the archbishop's judgment was final. Often he did things, deliberately and efficiently, which it revolted him to do, and I have seen him in distress over such matters.

In reality he was broad-minded, and never sought to force his opinion on men of other Churches or of none. At Birmingham he had special concern for the clergy who were what was generally known as 'Low.' When he was enthroned there, he paid special tribute to J. H. Newman and R. W. Dale. On one occasion he said to me of one who was thought to be agnostic: 'They tell me he is the most dangerous man in Cambridge, but I do love him.'

He was, however, loath to occupy other than Anglican pulpits. I believe he never did it until late in life, when he preached in the Chapel of Mill Hill School. Again this was not so much narrowness as a determination that the Church needed all his energies and more.

The 'Logos Light' played upon every man who came into the world; so he believed; so he insisted. The beams of it may be obscured, but they were for all. At Westminster, after his Oxford adventures, he became the great expositor of the light he had seen. 'The Sermon on the Mount' was followed by 'The Epistles to the Romans and Ephesians.' These expositions have a value all their own. They should be on every clergyman's shelves, and are on many.



His output after he became a bishop was not so outstanding. It could not be, because he was meticulous in dealing with overwhelming diocesan and parochial details. This took his strength, and I imagine that although he read into the small hours, he did not and could not bring the same power to it as he did in pre-bishop days.

In post-bishop days, however, his output was great. He wrote regularly every free morning and evening, devoting the afternoons to walks. His trilogy *The Reconstruction of Belief* was a notable achievement. If he had written it with the strength of Westminster days, it would have been an indispensable classic. *Jesus of Nazareth* and the *Philosophy of the Good Life* are distinguished by simplicity and power.

Altogether he was responsible for some seventy greater and lesser publications.

Social Reform was a passion with him. Aristocrat though he was, working men always attracted him. His most joyous hours were spent in their homes and meeting places. He became a co-operator and in Westminster days was clad in co-operative products, even though he admitted to me that he thought the 'wicked shops' were efficient. If he heard of any injustice, he did not rest until he had fought to remove it, even becoming, on one occasion known to me, a shareholder of an offending firm, so that he could lift his voice at annual meetings.

The Workers' Educational Association attracted him at once and he became president of its midland area and was never known to refuse to speak for it, when it was possible for him to do so. At the annual meeting held in Reading in 1911 the speakers before him were so lengthy that his turn did not come until ten minutes before ten o'clock, closing time. He had no intention of speaking for more than ten minutes, but delivered his message, 'Knowledge will always win over ignorance,' in such powerful terms, the

more powerful perhaps because of time-imposed intensity, that the vast audience rose to its feet and clamoured for him to go on, but he would not.

His great delight was to get the workmen with their wives and children to be his guests, whether at Worcester, Birmingham, or Cuddesdon. He liked greatly to smoke his pipe with the workmen of Reading, who came to love him.

To talk with him, in the country, was always an adventure. He had a blind eye to trespass notices and would go through any field or wood. Near Cuddesdon it was not uncommon for bulls to be free with a kind of board tied to their heads. He always wanted to make friends with them, while I, on my part, when with him, got to the nearest stile or gap in the hedge. On one occasion he paid me an ambiguous compliment: 'I like to walk with you because I do not have to think.' But if he took others out they often came back in a line, the bishop well in front.

So in my Gallery Charles Gore stands out. When I was but eighteen he inspired me, opened up the world, guided me without attempting to rule me, never questioned my outlook or belief, did innumerable things to help me, backed my efforts in Adult Education, officiated at my marriage, did all he could for my artist son, and revealed to me a manhood that I have never seen surpassed. After hearing him preach at Grantham in 1918 I said, 'Why, you say the things that I say'; then I burst out laughing, realizing that I had learned from him as my great teacher.

It was sad to see him in the last days at Sloane Square. He resented illness. 'I have all the ills that human flesh is heir to,' he said to me. On a fateful day, quite unwisely, he would go out; a chill developed. I had a postcard from him, telling me that they were taking him to hospital. Then he passed on.

But his teaching lives, devoid of mysticism, plain and simple; it is a heritage of our Church and people for ever. Here, despite his joy in life and his revelling in music, he was somewhat lonely—now he is in the Hosts of Heaven, with perfect and complete companionship, as in his place he continues to work for his Master. The vow made at Harrow School goes on in perfection for ever.

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 SAMUEL BARNETT

1844-1913

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*Warden*


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IT is as a sower of seeds that Samuel Barnett will be remembered. Appropriately enough the memorial tablet erected to him in Westminster Abbey reveals him scattering seeds. 'Fear not to sow because of the birds.'

His most obvious creative effort was Toynbee Hall, Whitechapel, founded in 1883-4 as the first University Settlement, but his power to create ideas in the minds of others and to inspire their hearts was his outstanding characteristic.

He was as I first knew him in 1903 to the end of his life, a gentle, unassuming man, with clear, penetrating judgment. His critical power was, however, marked, and at times he would have repressed my enthusiasm had it not been deeply rooted.

In the earliest days of my attempt to unite the universities with co-operative societies and trade unions for the development of Adult Education, he tried to convince me of the impracticability of my plans. His own experience was great. It may have been that he thought that a little cold water on my ungerminated seeds might do them good. In any case, seeing that I was determined to make them fructify, he gave to me unstinted help and counsel.

As he mounted the stairway to his rooms in Toynbee Hall, after my first visit, looking down on me he said: 'You will go on in spite of all I have said.' We did, and





*affectionately  
Samuel Barnett*

SAMUEL BARNETT

our first meeting was held in Toynbee Hall, which became our London centre. Moreover, our University Tutorial Class Library was created there, using Toynbee premises and books, and it is now the National Central Library. At a meeting held in Ilford, Essex, he delighted to tell the audience how he had vainly attempted to damp my enthusiasm.

In course of time I moved to Hampstead Garden suburb, taking the house of two Toynbee men. The canon and Mrs. Barnett, who lived hard by at St. Jude's Cottage, were the chief creators of this successful housing venture. Thus I saw much of him. In 1906 he became a canon of Westminster and occupied ultimately No. 4 Little Cloisters, a sacred house to me because in it I came to know Charles Gore in 1894. There I sat at Barnett's feet as, dealing with current affairs and personalities, he broadened and intensified my outlook and practice. Some of the most successful efforts of the Workers' Educational Association were due to his advice and help, notably the Masterman Lectures, the first course of which was given in the abbey itself. He was instrumental in bringing about direct relationship of the association with London University.

We discussed together problems of Church and State, but mostly Democratic Education and the place of the universities in modern life. I found that much that I thought he had said years before.

In 1911 his health began to fail. He had ceased to be warden of Toynbee Hall years before, although he kept in constant touch. The Toynbee men, under the wardenship notably of T. Edmund Harvey, had provided tutors for the Workers' Educational Association such as R. H. Tawney, Arthur Salter, and C. R. Attlee.

During the early months of 1913 I saw him often. Mrs.

Barnett kindly said in her biography of the canon that I was included 'among the friends whom he was rarely too ill to see, and whose devotion brought them even if he could only bear ten minutes.'

He looked with clear eyes and unclouded, if fearful, vision, into the threatening future which he was not spared to realize in the flesh.

In June 1913 my wife and I left for Australia with his blessing on our hopes to establish the Workers' Educational Association there. On 18th June, just outside Colombo, we saw on the telegraph board that he had passed away. To use his wife's words: 'His spirit had rent his body.' For us 'one star had fallen.' The Southern Cross failed to comfort us, but later we delivered his message in Australia. It was received and is acted upon to this day.

Samuel Barnett was not a great orator or a prolific writer. His power lay in what he was. Toynbee men who passed on to great work were affected by this. His personality was magnetic; it drew great men from near and far to Toynbee.

The greatest public occasion upon which I saw him was when the degree of D.C.L. was conferred upon him by his own University of Oxford. Mrs. Barnett quoted in the biography what I then said about it: 'He valued that degree very highly because of the approval of his Alma Mater; but I feel sure the value was heightened by the fact that among those who applauded him as the public orator introduced him to the vice-chancellor, were some hundreds of working men students who were at Oxford for the summer meeting. Surely there was never greater applause heard in the Sheldonian. It was a sudden outburst regardless of etiquette.'

It is said that perhaps being colour-blind he found difficulty in donning red on the right occasions at Westminster.



Certainly I saw him, after his doctorate, wearing an old M.A. gown in St. Jude's Church at Hampstead. It is remarkable that his work for and advocacy of art was so great and persistent, seeing that he could not detect colour. The Art Gallery at Whitechapel was his creation. In any case, he had powers not possessed by ordinary men. Without the aid of a compass he could turn to the north. Moreover, his intuitive views of causes and happenings were clear and prophetic.

The concluding words of his last abbey sermon in March 1913 were: 'Let us meditate on the victory [of the Cross], and in sure and certain hope fix our minds on a transfigured England whose aim is not the glory of man's pride, but the glory of God's love.' As he spoke then, so he would have spoken in 1946.

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MARGARET McMILLAN

1860-1931

*Pioneer*


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IT was in July 1904 that I first met this famous woman, who had been known to me as the 'Labour prophetess of the north' and as 'our Maggie' of Bradford. At once she became my counsellor and friend, never sparing herself to help my work until her passing in 1931. In her Lewisham home she inspired me and enlarged my vision of the possibilities of educational work among grown men and women. On later visits I met Prince Kropotkin, who thought my work began at the wrong end. 'Men should learn,' he said, 'about their place in the universe rather than about industrial history'; also Joseph Fels, a virile, intense little man, who offered to double the income of the Workers' Educational Association if it would advocate the Single Tax.

In 1910, the year during which she commenced her epoch-making work in Deptford, she wrote: 'The clinic [thinking of that at Bow] has nearly killed me; I'm going off now with Rachel for a few days. I'll do anything when I'm better. You are the only people I work with that I love properly without inward discipline.' The letter was superscribed 'My three dears,' because she had marked affection for my wife and boy.

Of her life and work I have written in my book, *Margaret McMillan, Prophet and Pioneer*, and now I only wish to record impressions of this remarkable woman.

In a sense she was lonely like many other men and women



*Posthumous portrait by John Mansbridge*

MARGARET MCMILLAN



of genius, but 'all children were hers.' At any time in Deptford they could be seen, little children of the slums, clustering about her as one of themselves. Her force and concentration were so great that many, even high officials, could not harmonize with her. There were notable exceptions such as Dr. Kerr, medical officer of Bradford, in her time, and later of the London County Council, and Sir Robert Morant, secretary to the Board of Education, but they themselves were great and far-reaching, and they understood her. She inspired them, and the results in local and national legislation, so far as the health of school children was concerned, were of inexpressible importance. H. A. L. Fisher has told me that if she wished to see him, she would not leave the board until she had done so and that his debt to her was great.

Margaret had always been mothered by her elder sister Rachel, who had made great sacrifices for her, but Rachel was possessive and did not like any one to come too close to Margaret, as if that were possible, for the unity between the two sisters made them one.

Margaret was conscious of spiritual messages and identified the givers, whether it were Lord Shaftesbury or her sister. As to this, we need only comment that, living in the spiritual world as she did, she has had greater effect on the school children of her time than any other known person in the world of education. To support that it is enough to use Dr. Kerr's words in a letter to me: 'She was the undoubted mother of Medical Inspection in the schools,' and to add that Sir Robert Morant, who was the responsible official in early legislation, told me that he was both inspired and influenced by her. Even so, she will be best remembered by many as the pioneer of the Open-air Nursery School. All her work is given opportunity for expansion, where not already enacted in the Education Act of 1944.

It has interested me, when opportunity occurred, to ask high educational experts if they knew of any one who had influence on English education comparable to hers. Some made ventures such as Arnold of Rugby or Sanderson of Oundle, but withdrew them.

At the outset the working people of Deptford did not understand her. I have seen her fail to get into touch with them in early days, but later they worshipped her. I have heard them talking to one another in the tram cars. If any of their children were unwell or defective, she persisted until everything possible was done for them. The Nursery School became as a home, and the gatherings of parents there were radiant with happiness.

As an orator on her best days, she was, as at a great Workers' Educational Association gathering at Sheffield, unsurpassed. Her books are fundamental, although not written as texts. I once asked two eminent scholars, one Russian and the other English, to read *Education through Imagination*, and give me their verdict. They did not know her, but strangely enough they concurred in their views. She was a thinker on the level of the great classics.

She never spent a penny unnecessarily on herself. Her money was all for the children. She had no pride in dress, and was known to send her charwoman to buy a hat for her. On great days, such as the opening of the Rachel McMillan Nursery Training College, her staff dressed her and made her sit still until Queen Mary arrived.

In a strange way she got confused at times about engagements, but was adventurous in fulfilling them. On one occasion, having missed her train at St. Pancras, she rushed in a taxi to Hendon aerodrome and commandeered a plane to take her to Bedford.

Nothing could stay her work. The London County Council did not accept £5,000 from Joseph Fels to provide

school baths, so at Evelyn Street she rigged up an effective one for her girls at a cost of 2s. 9d.—a hose-pipe and a spray.

It was the same about her camp school site. Turned out of St. Nicholas' churchyard, in which she had been allowed to place her boys, she found a refuse dumping ground near by, but, the neighbours objecting, she discovered another vacant space, squatted on it, and then found it belonged to the London County Council, which allowed her to remain at a peppercorn rent on the understanding that it was to be given up on demand. The site was intended for a school, but before long she had make-shift buildings on it, adequate for her purpose, and the president of the Board of Education, followed later by Queen Mary, opened them. Here both Nursery School and college developed, and the London County Council had to approve and concur.

All her work was spirit-guided and spiritual, but she had no dogmatism in her. The vicar of St. Nicholas told me that, without seeing her, he knew when she was in the church. In 1930 I saw her sitting alone at the Buckingham Palace Garden Party—neatly but poorly dressed—looking dreamily at the brilliant crowd, entirely unassertive of her presence.

Afterwards her health broke, and she became an inmate of a Harrow nursing home. There I saw her often. She seemed to have lost the comfort of the Spirit. Her work, she felt, was only half done, if that, and her mortality distressed her.

She begged me to insist on the nine-hour day for poor children in all Nursery Schools, in accordance with that at Deptford. Her anxiety was lest nursery classes in infant schools should obstruct the creation of Nursery Schools. Moreover, she desired to continue developing Nursery School conditions up to the age of at least eleven.

All this I agreed and do agree with. To visit the school at Deptford was to realize heaven on earth more completely

than in any other school I have seen. 'It is like a visit to heaven,' said one of the Astors to me when leaving it. The keeping of children at the Camp School until eleven made a director of education assert that the level of their education was two years in advance of that in the schools of his county. He saw them during a two weeks' stay at Stoke Rochford, the home of Christopher Turnor. Spiritual dynamic and the group mind made every one of the children virile and unselfish. They ranged through the country house and grounds with complete freedom, not a flower was picked without permission, not a treasure was moved in the great house.

On Sunday, 27th March 1931, as I was about to set out for Harrow, a phone message told me she had passed away. So I went straight to Deptford, as Lady Astor, who had done so much for her, did also.

At her burial all Deptford seemed to throng the nearby streets and churchyard of St. Nicholas. Representative men and women filled the church, and the bishop of Woolwich officiated. As the coffin was lowered into the grave, it seemed to me that her spirit was watching.

Her work goes on. It influences and indeed creates much that is not recognized as due to her power, but that does not matter at all. Her high and achieved standards should never be allowed to decline or fall, and it is good to observe that at the Training College and the Margaret McMillan House at Wrotham her dynamic is still obvious.

On twelve anniversaries of her passing, it has been my privilege to give to the students of the college a memorial address, not forgetting her sister Rachel. There has been no fear of, or need for, repetition, because this great prophet and pioneer seemed to realize in her life, based as she was on fundamental truths, much, if not all, that is essential for the complete upbringing and nourishing of the children of men.



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HUGH KERR ANDERSON

1865-1928

*College Head*


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ALTHOUGH seventeen years have passed, Cambridge, as I enter it, fills me with a sense of sorrow and loss, because Hugh Anderson is not there in the flesh to give to me the cheeriest welcomes that I have ever received anywhere. On the last occasion of meeting him—it was outside Bowes's bookshop near the University Church—he said, 'Why have you not been in to see me?' and carried me off to his study in the master's lodge at Caius.

On 28th October 1928, just before his passing, he wrote to me: 'I am afraid that I shall not be here on 3rd November or 10th November. I am sorry that I have not seen you . . . am very sorry that I am laid aside—there was much I meant to do.'

Medical science, Caius College, Cambridge, and England are debtors indeed to him, for he did great work in the sixty-four years of his life. His achievements up to about 1905 in medical research were common knowledge. Even I had heard about them from such eminent researchers as Dr. Gye and Sir Gowland Hopkins.

At the call of Caius College in 1912 he accepted the mastership. Henceforth he devoted himself entirely to administration and development. In the spirit of sacrifice he turned from laboratories to council rooms and the Senate House. His intense devotion to any work which faced him, as well as his physique, made it impossible for

nim to divide his time or tread two ways. His judgment, both in regard to finance and development, was not only wise but creative and adventurous. It is impossible to say what medical science lost.

To me he was little known, if at all, until 1919, when we became fellow members of the Royal Commission on Oxford and Cambridge Universities. Anderson possessed, above all, the spirit of ready welcome to any one he came into contact with. I certainly found a friend at once. Henceforth the master's study at Caius was even as a home to me. However busy he was, if he saw me out of his window coming down the court, there was no doubt about the sincerity of his welcome. On one occasion an eminent Cambridge professor told me he wanted to see Anderson but was afraid he might be busy. I said 'Come along'; the master saw him through the window and *rushed* into the court to welcome him. I knew it would be so. I often whimsically thought that if at midnight I knocked him up, he would give me welcome.

As one who wrote of him said: 'He was at heart a child, and of such assuredly is the Kingdom of Heaven.' He was indeed a great exemplar of the power which the child spirit gives to men of genius in their work.

Whilst a member of the Royal Commission on the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge he worked like a Trojan, it would seem, by day and night. No point was too insignificant for him. I, also a member, possessed an experience and outlook which must have been new to him, in detail though certainly not in spirit. In lengthy talks and examination of material he came to understand my points of view completely.

Of course, since he grew by his thought, I could not be sure that if he agreed with me overnight he would do so in the morning when he had thought more deeply, but he



*I am very sorry that I am laid aside - This was much  
I meant to do*

*Yours very  
Hugh Kerr Anderson*

HUGH KERR ANDERSON



was so just and unprejudiced that I could feel no hurt. Resentment was impossible.

Seated opposite him in an arm-chair, his beloved cat by him, we have talked eagerly, he educating me all the while. In that room I came to know many men of Caius, J. F. Cameron, F. J. Stratton, Arnold McNair, and Bishop Hunkin among them. In spirit I was one of them. Such was his influence.

Mrs. Anderson and his daughter Maisie were very gracious. Tony, his son, was not often there. Shipping, the business of the Anderson family, called him away. He was a 'chip of the old block.' His father taught him, or rather rejoiced with him, in the love of the sea. It may have been that the father turned reluctantly away from shipping when he entered upon his research work at Cambridge.

On several week-ends, at Seafarers' Education Service gatherings, merchant seamen of all ratings became, as it were, members of Caius College. Anderson gave himself entirely to the plans of the service. He was the friend of all. His inspiration and wisdom helped to make the work a great success and to develop the idea of the College of the Sea. It is probable that my wife was, at one of the gatherings, the first woman to dine in hall at the right hand of the master.

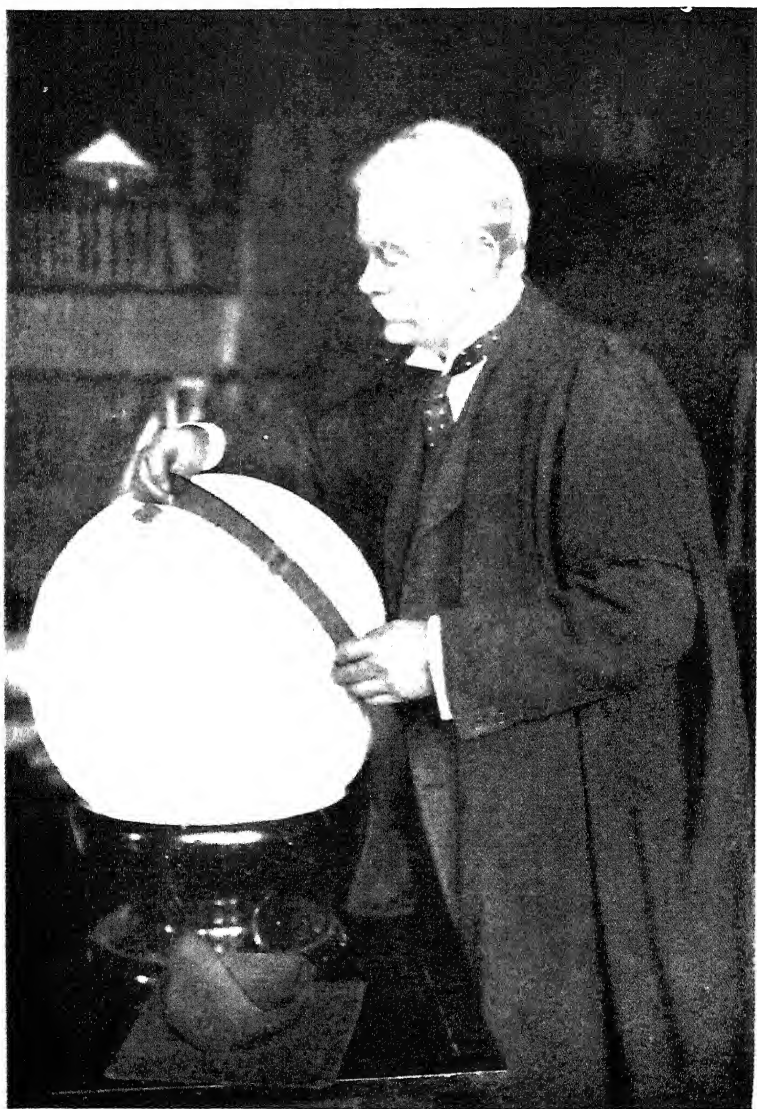
Since I was consulted by Max Farrand of Yale University on the formation of the Commonwealth Trust, he often talked with me concerning the fellowships, knowing also that I had visited many universities in the United States. He never missed a chance of getting the opinions, even the advice, of men of goodwill.

His heart was in the construction of the New University Library, and his delight at the Rockefeller Grant was unbounded. His manifold Cambridge work, however, has no place in these brief memories.

He was simply a joyous adventurer in all his ways, whether they led to or from laboratories or college rooms. All men were his fellows—deck-hands on ships, admirals, workmen, or business chiefs, and his memory lives in many hearts. Caius continues its open-hearted traditions. Hugh Anderson needs no statue, and no portrait of him could possibly reveal the welcome in his eyes and the radiant activity of his whole being.

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*Lafayette*

HERBERT HALL TURNER



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 HERBERT HALL TURNER

1861-1930

*Professor*


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HERBERT HALL TURNER, at the time of my first meeting him in 1905, was a Fellow of New College and Savilian Professor of Astronomy in the University of Oxford. He was also a member of the University Extension Delegacy. His interest in working-class education was so great and his help so ready that one forgot that he might also be preoccupied with vast and deep problems of astronomical research.

At once, with his assistance, New College became to myself and my colleagues not only a home, but a well-spring of power. The figures there that sprang up were such as Alfred Zimmern, whom I first met after dinner in hall where I was the guest of Turner, and of course Dr. Spooner, the hospitable warden.

It was New College under Turner's inspiration which, by a financial grant, made it possible for the first University Tutorial Classes at Rochdale and Longton to meet the necessary expenses. Within its walls I became, as it were, a student of university life and affairs. In summer time, weavers, miners, and craftsmen thronged it as welcome members in spirit. The happiness it gave to me is inexpressible. As I look back, the college seems to be radiant in my mind.

Tributes to Turner's untiring work for Adult Education were duly paid in the *Observatory*, October 1930, in obituary

notices of the Royal Astronomical Society, February 1931, and in the Proceedings of the Royal Society, 1931. It might well be thought, having regard to the intensity and expanse of his astronomical research, that he would have had neither time nor energy to devote to the interests of working men and women, but he was tireless and was, above all, a human being who loved his fellow men and rejoiced to open the heavens to them, as he cheered them on their earthly way.

It is but right that, since my knowledge of astronomy is only sufficient to excite my wonder, I should not attempt to deal with it even to the extent of recording his world-famous achievements; but I can think of him as he revealed himself to me.

In the observatory he loved to show us all that was possible, but he never put on the astronomic mantle. Once I found him doing routine calculations. Such work rested him, he told me. I could well believe that his great and searching mind found refreshment in toiling on the ground, his *pied-à-terre*.

He always, if it were possible, accepted an invitation to lecture to workpeople. At Hollesley Bay Labour Colony in Suffolk, after a long horse-and-cart drive, reaching the place just on lecture time, and with only a cup of cocoa to cheer him on arrival, he talked in simple manner to about a hundred unemployed workmen. They were entranced, and, being without pose, asked afterwards the questions which an ordinary audience, careful of its dignity, would not have dared to. For another hour he answered in such a clear and sympathetic manner that I learned much more than I ever could have learnt at ordinary lectures. Yes, he was very human, but he missed his normal refreshment, which indeed amused me greatly, as it did him.

To my great delight, he invited me to be his guest at a

dinner of the Royal Astronomical Society. There I saw the astronomer royal and a bevy of famous men. In due course my health was drunk and I responded, but fortunately I cannot remember what I said. It was a great occasion, a high light in my life. Even the stars afterwards had a special gleam in them.

At 9 Blackhall Road I always felt at home. Mrs. Turner and the then little Ruth gave me welcome, and it was there I came to know Sir Hugh Allen, the outstanding Oxford musician. Turner was himself a music lover. It may have given inspiration to his genius. We talked on many things round his table, and I saw in him one filled with veneration and the inspiration of the teaching of Christ, although he spoke little of religion or worship as such.

In August 1930 I went to Stockholm on an Adult Education mission. To our delight we found that Turner was also there on a seismological occasion. We set out to find him, my wife keen as I was, and then came the shattering news that he had passed suddenly away. The skies turned black to us.

New College and Blackhall Road still welcomed us, but a star had fallen; still its light shines on, and in some mysterious way we feel that Herbert Hall Turner, who had powers beyond our conception, with the spirit of a little child and the graciousness of a man living in the heavens, is still with us. Oxford, New College, and the Workers' Educational Association retain the light of his presence. The last of them is what he helped to make it.

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G. W. HUDSON-SHAW

1859-1944

*Lecturer*


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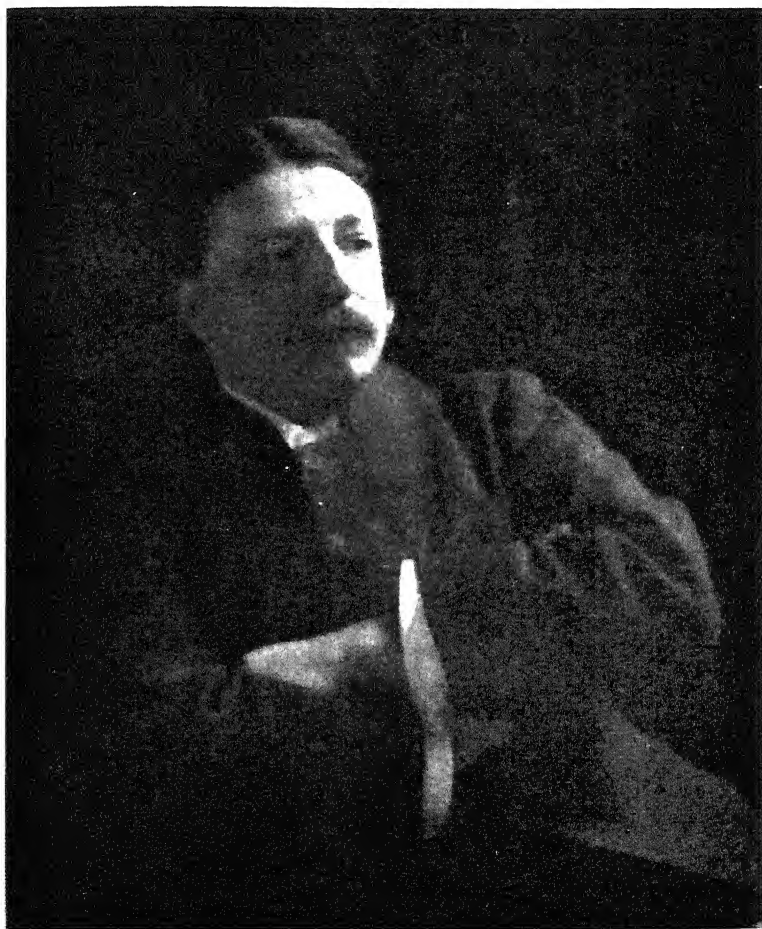
THE work of this greatest of all Oxford University Extension lecturers first became known to me at Gloucester. There he had created a widespread appetite for history, most intense among working men and women.

He was born at Ilkley in 1859, and passed like many Oxford notables through the famous Bradford Grammar School. In 1880 Balliol elected him to an exhibition in modern history, but, like other great Balliol men of the last part of the nineteenth century, his interests were too advanced and wide to make a first class in the schools a matter of course.

After ordination and appointment to a benefice in 1889 he had, until in 1912 he became vicar of St. Botolph's, Bishopgate, delivered courses of University Extension Lectures in some 150 towns. Throughout these years, such was his capacity for work, he fulfilled with adequacy and devotion his duties as a parish priest.

In 1903 he became a foremost figure in the new movement for Adult Education, not only inspiring it, but labouring for it as hon. chairman, and later hon. treasurer of the Workers' Educational Association.

Michael Sadler of Christ Church, keen-sighted and encouraging, had great influence upon him. He arranged many of Shaw's courses, after his appointment as secretary of the Oxford Delegacy in 1885.



G. W. HUDSON SHAW



Shaw, when lecturing, relied greatly upon a script, but he simply used it as a tool. The man was above it all. He gripped his audience. In the subsequent discussions, he watched for interest and ability even as a gardener for germinations, and tended them as eagerly.

The name of Hudson-Shaw still rings in the cities of the north and midlands. It is well known that the first two University Tutorial Classes, Rochdale and Longton, were due to his inspiration. The influence of Shaw, and such of his fellow lecturers as Cosmo Gordon Lang, on the outlook and thought of workpeople in northern England, is inexpressible, almost mystical.

Shaw was a keen, untiring churchman, by no means conventional in his ideas. He loved to think of the women who alleviated the hardships of Jesus, and of Mary Magdalene who anointed Him with precious ointment. The ministry of women was near to his heart's desire. He longed for it to be extended and, if and when he saw opportunity, he asked them to preach from his pulpit in St. Botolph's, Bishopsgate.

In 1912 I was present at his institution to St. Botolph's and saw him often, both in Bishopsgate and at Hampstead. His face, with its kindly penetrating eyes, was keen and eager as he discussed problems, whether of Christian action in our time, or of the development of a conception of education, based on all essential human activities, ministering to diversities of interests and gifts.

At Bayley Wood, near Sevenoaks, where he spent his last years in retirement, I visited him far too little. But I shall never forget the eagerness of his interests and his desire to stimulate me to undertake work he wished to see accomplished. He had a study, with desk and books, which looked out over the valley to the Kentish Weald, hard by his medieval cottage, which he longed, vainly as

it turned out, owing to legal difficulties, to bequeath to the National Trust.

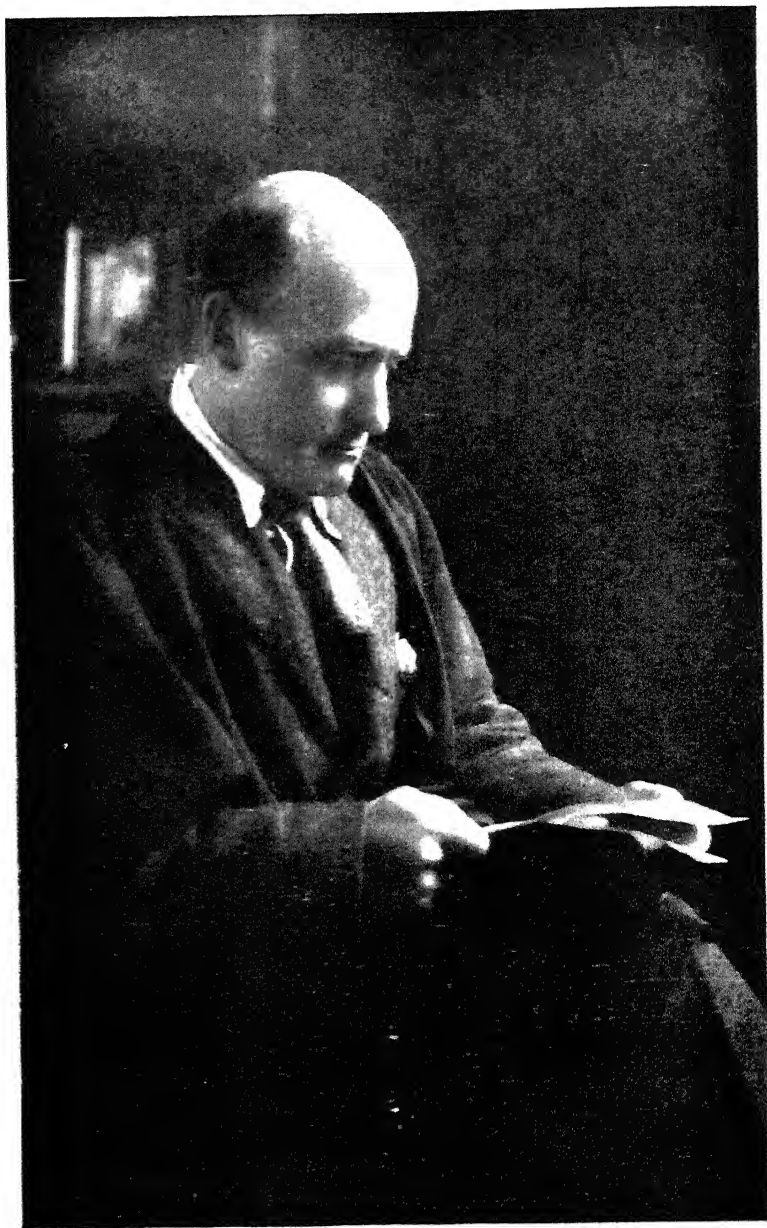
Early in 1944 his wife, whose health had restricted the activities which would have arisen naturally from her gifts, passed on. He himself was not well, but his loneliness was transfigured by the devotion of Dr. Maude Royden and Evelyn Gunter, who lived near by. The latter had been an assistant secretary in the office of the Delegacy at Oxford, and knew his work and needs; whilst the former, who was with him at the conference which started the Workers' Educational Association in August 1903, had been, with her own well-known powers and interests, a faithful helper in all things possible.

On 2nd October 1944 Dr. Maude Royden rose to the supreme challenge of his need, and became his wife. In the Weald parish church the bishop of Rochester blessed them and married them. For just on two months his days, in spite of recurrent heart attacks, were illumined, then at the age of eighty-five he passed to his rest.

Standing, as I did later, by his grave, I could not but feel that Hudson-Shaw was as a stream of power, flowing through English life, sometimes passionately, at other times peacefully, but whatever its force or direction, it enriched human beings, who, but for him, would have lived on in mental poverty, even though they knew it not.







JOHN LEWIS PATON

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JOHN LEWIS PATON

1863-1946

*Schoolmaster*

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THIS great schoolmaster and college president, consumed with natural energy and radiant with self-effacement, translated day in, day out, the teaching of Christ into the terms of modern life. He was the greatest natural Christian I have ever known. I see him standing out as one whose light shone. He reflected simplicity and power set in utter selflessness. 'Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth.'

Glimpses of him arise, a short eager figure, plainly, often strangely, clad, rushing about on errands of mercy and help whenever he was free from his onerous duties, were it in the early morning or late at night. He never seemed to rest.

After a brief notice of his well-known career, I propose to reveal him, not helped to do so by hearsay, but by personal knowledge. The instances will be few out of many. They will be but as sparks thrown up from the fire that burned in him.

At Shrewsbury, where he was head of the school, under the direct influence of A. H. Gilkes, later head master of Dulwich, he, a classical scholar, developed a love of English literature which stood him in good stead throughout life.

His Cambridge career, triumphant throughout, ended with his election as Fellow of St. John's. He turned to schoolmastering; for a very brief time he was an assistant master at the Leys School, Cambridge. Then he went to

Rugby as the result of an invitation by Dr. Percival, his father's friend. He remained at Rugby for ten years, after which he accepted the headmastership of University College School, only to relinquish it in 1903 when he was called to be high master of Manchester grammar school. He served Manchester for twenty-one years. Thereafter he sought to help where he felt he might be needed. He was ready to serve as teacher in any school anywhere. Canada drew him. He lectured from Quebec to Vancouver for the National Council of Education. Attractive offers were made to him, but he chose to accept one which presented extreme difficulties. He became in 1925 president of the Memorial College at St. John's, Newfoundland, where he remained until 1933. On returning to England he helped whenever needed in the village schools round about Kemsing in Kent. The last months of his life, after his sister Mary had passed away, he spent in the home of Mr. T. P. Figgis, his brother-in-law, whose care and the devoted skill of Mrs. Figgis were not only a comfort but were essential to him in the last months.

I came to know him, first, on a visit to Liverpool in 1904. He wished to help in creating educational opportunities for working people as he had done at Rugby for railwaymen.

He was regardless of his own comfort, but he cared for that of others. So much so that he kept supplies of things he did not like, smokes if you will, for his visitors. During the food shortage in Russia after the 1914-18 war, he confined himself to the barest necessities, until he had raised the sum he desired for aid to Russia, but school-boys, old boys, and others visiting him were not treated abstemiously.

His sister Mary helped him and welcomed for maintenance in the house boys whose family, or other circumstances, justified it. She had great difficulty in seeing that

he was sufficiently clothed in winter, for he was prone to give overcoats away to those who needed them. He certainly did not dress in harmony with his position, which makes the incident I now relate more credible.

The family of one of his brilliant, destined to become well-known, grammar school boys, had moved house. As was his custom, Paton paid a visit. No one except the maidservant was at home. He turned to the gate where a man had just arrived with a heavy carpet on a hand-cart, and the man, seeing him, said: 'Give us a hand, mate.' Paton took one end of the carpet and helped him deposit it in the appropriate room. Moreover, on request, he took part in laying it; which done, the man said: 'Can't give you anything, but if you come back when the missus is at home, she will.' 'Right,' said Paton, and walked off. Then the maidservant, recovering herself, said: 'Do you know who that was?' 'No,' said the man, 'but he were a champion chap.' 'He is the high master of the grammar school.' 'Let me die' concluded the matter.

On a day during the 1914-18 war I left the grammar school with him. He was in a hurry to get home to do some needed work. At the Exchange Station tram-car halt there was a queue. If he had taken his rightful place, at the most five minutes would have sufficed, but he would not or could not get on to a car in front of a waiting woman. We were there nearly half an hour. He could never see any one in the street, unduly laden, without giving a hand.

One day when I was his guest at St. John's, Newfoundland, he had a spare half-hour and, as he wished to show me a beauty spot, we set out, but a hundred yards on we saw a little girl laden with two water buckets. He took them for her to the communal pump, filled them, and then went back with her to her home, and deposited the two buckets. We never reached the beauty spot.

On our Atlantic journey to St. John's we found that his acts of kindness were legendary, but our fellow passengers who told the stories did not know that we knew him. A workman, visiting him, admired his fire-logs. Early the next morning Paton filled a sack, carried it through the streets and dumped it outside the visitor's door.

I could go on, but the above are symbolic of his almost daily actions.

The Memorial College at St. John's became recognized under his guidance as providing the first two years of a course in the universities of Canada. It was supported by Roman Catholics, Anglicans, and the United Church. Paton, Congregationalist, satisfied them all. 'What can I do with such a man but ordain him?' said the Roman Catholic archbishop. He acted as its liaison officer with the diverse Canadian universities and as administrator of all its work, also he taught incessantly.

The problems of Newfoundland gave him great concern. He desired to see its natural resources rightly explored and developed. He encouraged farming as an adjunct to fishing, and interested himself in mining and paper manufacture and initiated an Adult Educational Association. His energy and skill in dealing with Newfoundlanders were only matched by their devotion to him.

To understand him throughout sixty years of work it is necessary to read the life which he wrote of his father, an outstanding creative Christian, who set on foot efforts which reformers are now trying to implement. Paton, without doubt, received radiations of power from him. Even in writing this life his characteristic self-effacement was such that in the 534 pages I cannot discover any mention of his own name or any record of events in his own life. I once asked Paton whom he thought were the three greatest persons I had ever known. He answered at once:

‘Charles Gore, Margaret McMillan, and my father.’ He was right. Before he spoke I had selected them; although not in the same order.

In spite of his great achievements, he was very human. His fierce energy may have been often misapplied. Anything evil he attacked at once, but he could not detect the hypocritical ‘sucker-up’ boy, and was perhaps too hard on the honest erring boy.

His influence permeates in powerful streams beneath the surface of English life to-day. Many of the boys he inspired are in high places, a great number still are doing faithful work in the streets, lanes, and boys’ clubs of great cities.

And so—in the power of the spirit, through knowledge and training, this schoolmaster utilized his whole being for the welfare of man, set in the Glory of God.

As I gave the address at his funeral on 1st May 1946 in the Congregational Church at Beckenham, I seemed to hear Christ saying: ‘Inasmuch, John Lewis Paton, as ye did it unto the least of these little ones—these poor, these lonely, these overburdened, these striving—ye did it unto me. Enter into the joy of Thy Lord.’

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HUGH RAILTON DENT

1874-1938

*Publisher*

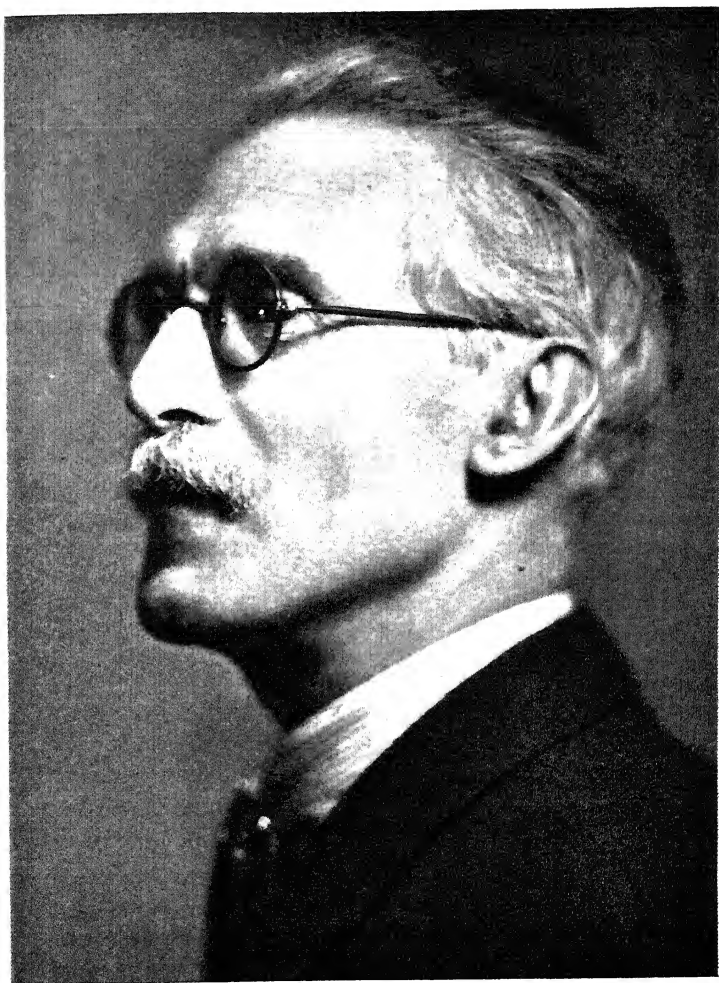
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WHENEVER I encountered Hugh Dent, a dark-haired, keen, bright-eyed little man, he was vibrant with business or good works. In his Bedford Street office he was concerned with books, always eager and ready to help a would-be author or planning wider circulations of notable books published by his firm. It was, however, at the Rachel McMillan Nursery Training College that I saw him frequently. There, his business acumen was only exceeded by his brisk and cheerful readiness to go to any trouble to implement any plans.

He dived into the details, in particular of the acquisition of the estate at Wrotham and of the architecture and costs of the Margaret McMillan House built upon it. In this, as indeed in publishing, he trod in the steps of his great father, J. M. Dent, who first met Margaret McMillan in 1918, at the Deptford Nursery School on a snowy winter's day. 'He passed nearly the whole day here,' writes Margaret, 'watching the life of the children in the shelters and the open-air life in the rigours of winter.' Afterwards J. M. Dent helped with money, but 'his sympathy was a great sustaining power in critical times.' Shortly before his passing he asked Hugh to give to Margaret a sum of money on his behalf which made possible the construction of a much-needed new shelter.

Hugh became a governor of the Training College opened





*Howard Coster*

HUGH RAILTON DENT



by Queen Mary in 1930. I can see him now on that great occasion darting happily about, but never obtruding.

In 1931 he became chairman of the Camp School which, unsupported by public funds, kept certain children up to the age of eleven rather than let them pass into the elementary schools at five. On her death-bed Margaret McMillan begged him and myself to see that the work of the school went forward. It did, but was temporarily closed during the Second World War. Its reopening will, it is expected, be facilitated by grant aid.

Both of us felt it to be the finest venture in adolescent education we had ever seen. His adventurous spirit and sound reason made its work possible. He did all that he could to make 'training of hand and eye and the growth of the soul' the objective of child education.

He entered the business of his father, which developed into the House of Dent, at the age of fourteen and served it for fifty years, rejoicing greatly in the firm's Jubilee celebrations in 1938 which preceded his passing on 20th November 1938 by but a month. On the 9th May 1926 his father had passed quietly (to use Hugh's words) 'into that future life which he believed would give wider opportunities for the development of all that is best in us.' For the ensuing twelve years Hugh stood in his father's place.

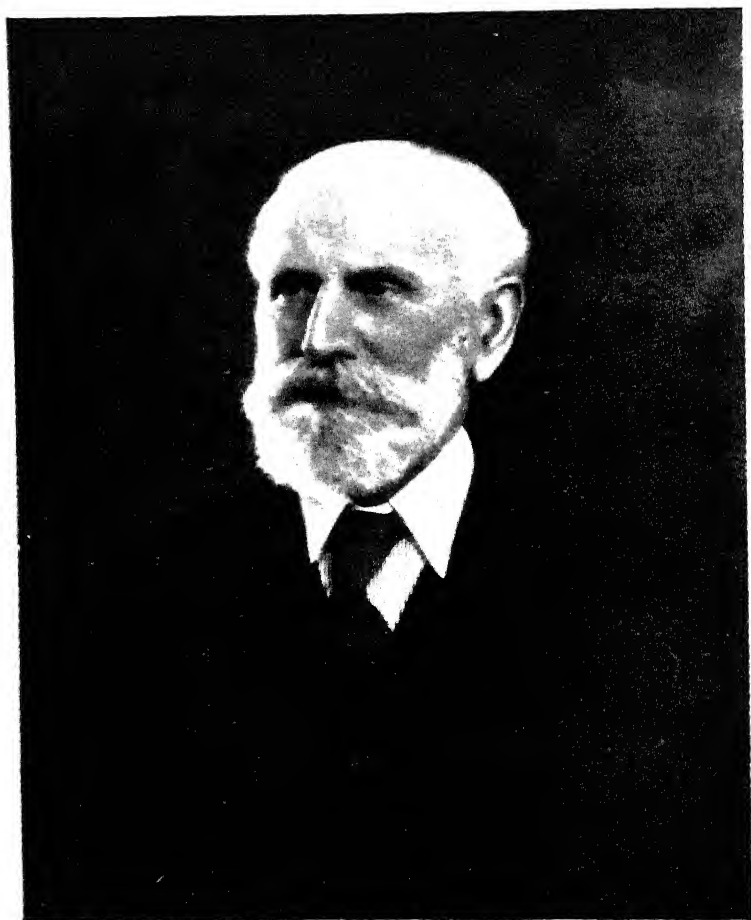
It is not for me to go further into the details of his work as a publisher spreading great books in 'widest commonalty,' but simply to give my own impressions of the man. A perusal of the book ventures which he undertook during the last decade of his life makes it clear that he endeavoured to serve the highest interests of his own and all time, careful that no mean book should defile the list. I myself, presenting ideas of books to publish, saw him and perceived quickly that he was careful and prudent, but eager to find a way of helping. Even so, the decision of any one of

his fellow directors or staff was his decision and he stood by it.

His bright welcoming glance as one went into his small office was a sure sign of sympathetic trust. In spirit he was 'as a little child,' but in all his actions an alert man of business. His being was recreated and refreshed by his love of making things. He was a skilled silversmith. His hospitable home life at West Wittering was very happy, made so by his wife whom he married in 1904 and who was his true helpmate in all his private, business, and public life.

On a sorrowful day late in November 1938 I preached at a memorial service to him in St. Paul's, Covent Garden, and said: 'Hugh Dent has followed his father. His work on earth remains. Publishing firms, Nursery Schools, and Training Colleges will, as the years go by, testify to its durability and wisdom. The words he spoke, the thoughts he cherished, are an heritage for ever. No one who knew him well will ever forget the clasp of his hand, the welcome in his face.'





THOMAS WALL

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 THOMAS WALL

1846-1930

*Manufacturer*


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HE was the maker of Wall's sausages, and, later, ice-creams. Thus his name at least is familiar to most people. A contented man: aristocratic bearing, kindly eyes, firm mouth, a white beard, were his external characteristics.

He went early to his father's sausage shop in Jermyn Street, near Piccadilly Circus. His business ability, enshrined in absolute integrity, was great. In course of time he moved from the shop to Sutton, and works were developed at Acton. During the 1914-18 war, against his will, for he was compelled to fall into line with prices he thought too high, his financial power increased.

His munificence was natural to him, and I have often thought that he gave away thousands of pounds, expecting no more thanks than did any one placing a farthing in a collection bag.

He was deeply religious, entirely devoid of desire for anything other than the simple things of life. In early manhood he was a Congregationalist, but later identified himself entirely with the Adult School Movement. He built at his own cost adequate, indeed magnificent, premises for the Sutton Adult School. The Workers' Educational Association drew him, the Adult School Movement being associated with it. It was at one of its gatherings that I first met him; ever after he was a close friend. He

loved to have parties in his Sutton garden for it, and my wife and I greatly enjoyed the hospitality of his kind-hearted sister and himself. Every day he liked to take what he called 'a breather.'

It somewhat concerned me that he helped financially movements and people as the result of their own representations. Like other men of simple goodness, he could not imagine anything less than the good and true in any one. It may have been, however, that he had prejudices and perhaps some obstinacy. On one occasion he invited me in his garden to advise him on the giving of money. Characteristically he did not mention the amount. I was thinking in hundreds, but he was doing so in thousands. I urged him to form a trust, and to have his own relations as trustees. He did so, endowing it with some £200,000, and acting as chairman with his nephew, Dr. Hall-Smith, as secretary. The deed provided for help in social and educational matters, excluding buildings. At one time he was ill and asked me to take his place as chairman, although I was not a trustee. I agreed. He got better and continued as chairman until his passing, when I took office.

Many hundreds of young men and women needing help for the continuance of their studies at universities and training colleges have benefited by it, as also have approved libraries and movements.

He was greatly attracted by the Margaret McMillan Nursery School at Deptford and helped in the creation of the Training College—moreover, he bought land and buildings at Sutton for a Nursery School there which has just been taken over by the Surrey Education Committee and is to be known as the Thomas Wall Nursery School.

His confidence and trust in those he worked with was unbounded, and he made it clear that they were free to alter or adapt his work if they felt it to be wise.



So this Jermyn Street and Sutton manufacturer stands out as a generous figure in the Gallery. The Sutton Adult School, enriched by him, still goes on. His trustees work in his spirit. No more will he be seen taking his 'breather' in Sutton streets, but his generous wisdom and his simple nature are sorely missed. 'Wall's sausages' and 'Wall's ice-creams' will be sought after by millions who knew him not.

How much good he did will never be known. He came out of the later Victorian Age. His influence will pass into the New England and the New World, for he desired that not only individuals but nations should pool their riches and glory in fellowship for the welfare of all men.

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 CHARLES WRIGHT

1855-1940

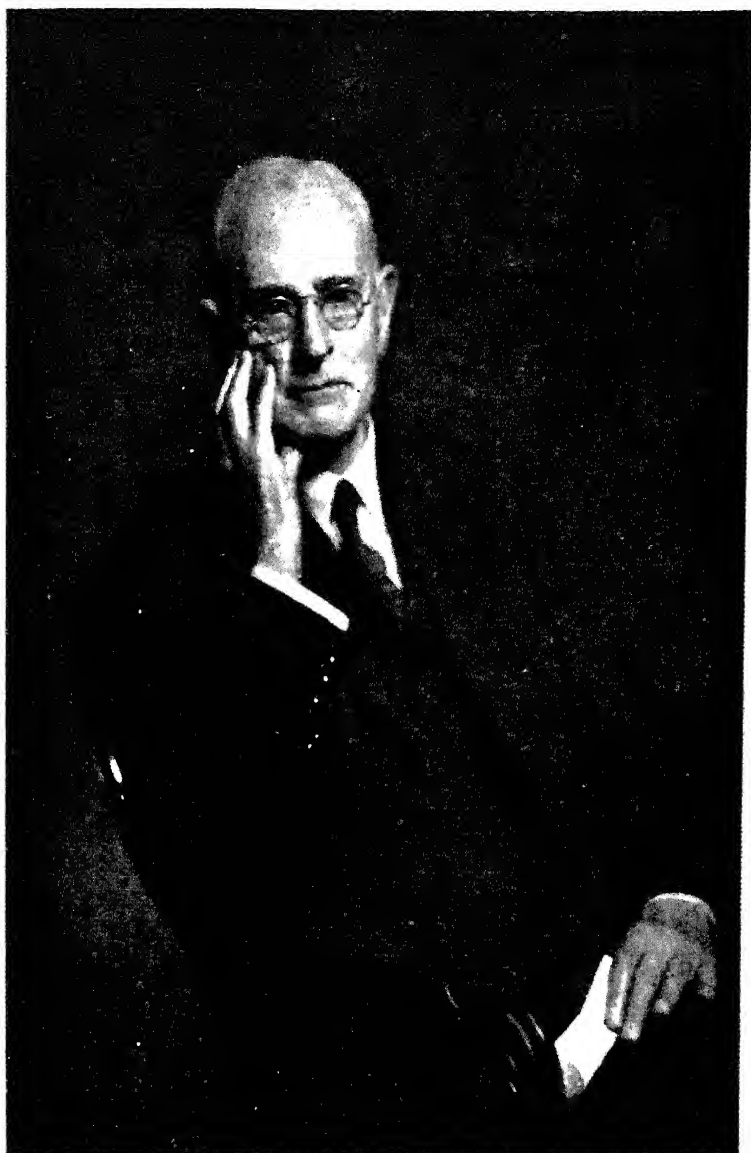
*Man of Business*


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I FIRST came to know this generous Victorian at a meeting in Thomas Wall's garden at Sutton in 1912. He had risen to be a leading figure at Lloyd's and its historian, from a start in life, at the age of thirteen, in a carpet dealer's at 5s. 9d. a week.

To my astonishment—he seemed so young-looking—I discovered that he was the father of Harold Wright whom I had met when he was on the committee of the Cambridge Union in 1911, and who in later years did so much for the Seafarers' Education Service. Harold was an economist, and a forceful editor both of *Granta* and *The Nation*. So brilliant a son was, to me, a herald of his father.

Of the business life of Charles Wright I saw little or nothing. As a youth of sixteen he had become a student at the Working Men's College, which proved to be a development of extreme importance. It was not so much the subjects of his studies that inspired him as the fundamental ideals of Frederick Denison Maurice and the Christian Socialists, who founded the college not for workmen to 'get on in life' but for 'life to get on in them.' It was not until 1937, when he was eighty-two years of age, that Charles Wright ceased to labour actively for it. He had enriched it by his personality, and by his generous additions, such as a common room, to its equipment and buildings.



*From 'Harold Wright,' edited by C. Ernest Fayle (Allen & Unwin)  
Photo: Howard Coster*

CHARLES WRIGHT



There is little doubt that the Working Men's College was the outstanding contribution to the education of men in adult life during the nineteenth century. So our common interest drew us together, for although never fortunate enough to be a student, I went there frequently for inspiration and fellowship, becoming at one time a member of its committee.

The greatest direct teacher in his life was, so he told me, Stopford Brooke, to whose chapel he went in his teens. The influence of this great man, who had left the Church of England because he could not continue to subscribe to certain of its doctrines, had much to do with the broad-mindedness of Wright, who went straight ahead in his religious life, welcoming men of any Church or none, so long as they wished wholeheartedly to love their fellows, and by so doing to serve God.

In Sutton, where he lived, his chief social, and indeed religious, work was carried out in connection with the Sutton Adult School, founded and equipped by Thomas Wall, on whose death in 1930 Wright became president.

On several occasions he invited me to speak at its Sunday afternoon meetings, over which he presided in full religious faith. They were happy Sundays for me. He was the perfect host and in his home we talked, and I perceived in him the successful man of business who, in his eagerness for all things good, rose radiantly through and above the essential activities of shipping insurance at Lloyd's.

After the First World War, both he and his son Harold worked for the education of seafarers. He became a vice-president of the Seafarers' Education Service, and seldom, if ever, failed to attend the important gatherings at Caius College, Cambridge.

His level-headedness and lack of dictatorial desire, illumined by enthusiasm for the work, proved always to

be a great source of wisdom and strength. He had great concern for my financial resources and gave to me greater help in my endeavours to meet the charges incidental to my voluntary work than any other man. He gave not only money, but perfect confidence.

The sudden death in February 1934 of Harold, the son who had participated in all his extra-business doings, was an inexpressible blow to him, but he was comforted by the manner in which Harold, rising above the limitations imposed by ill health, had achieved so much; moreover, Harold's friends and his family lived on to cheer him. He took great delight in the tributes paid by men of standing in *A Memoir of Harold*, edited by Ernest Fayle.

On my last visit Charles seemed contented with his daily walks and his books. His talk was of Stopford Brooke and other great Victorian figures, Gladstone in particular.

A few weeks later he passed on.

So he stands in the Gallery as a creation of the Victorian Age, fervent in business, faithful to the institutions which he had served, quiet and unobtrusive in powerful leadership, a lover of all that ministered to man in his quest for truth. His years were complete, his work done, but he has bequeathed not only to his surviving elder son Lawrence and to his grandchildren, but to England, the pattern and example of one 'who never turned his back' but 'marched breast forward' to the City of God.





*Walter Lee*

CHRISTOPHER TURNOR



## CHRISTOPHER TURNOR

1873-1942

*Landowner*

THE chief estates of this Lincolnshire squire, when we first met in 1910 on the consultative committee of the Board of Education, were at Wragby, near Lincoln, and at Stoke, near Grantham. His father, Christopher Hatton Turnor, was the second son of the squire who built in the 1840s the great house of Stoke Rochford, set in a noble and extensive park. The old house had been destroyed by fire, many ancient records and antiquities with it.

Christopher's father, who had no love for property, passed on the succession to him. In earlier years much of his life had been spent in the United States. He travelled frequently, if not mostly, in caravans, which suited his artist mother and deeply religious father.

Christopher had no sense of class or other distinctions. He was one who loved his fellow men, whether they were, as I have seen, labourers or dukes. His house was open to them without discrimination. His influence, extended by his wife, united such diverse people at his table or in his halls.

Stoke Rochford, in his time, must have been unique amongst English country houses. I have seen in it children from the slums, labouring men and women, teachers, squires, noble men and women, and a succession of those whom he was helping over stiles. Every one seemed to

be at home. A small boy there said to me once: 'I am glad I have seen a duke. He is just like any other man.'

A certain identity of interest brought us together on the committee, which was considering manual training in schools, and he wished me to visit, with him and an official of the then Board of Education, some schools in the Lindsey division of Lincolnshire, which had adopted 'a mental morning and a manual afternoon.'

Thus it was that in the spring of 1911 I was his guest with F. A. B. Newman, H.M.I., at Panton Hall, Wragby. There we met his wife, Sarah Talbot Turnor of the Shrewsbury and Talbot family. The visit is still vivid to me. The masses of snowdrops on each side of the drive stood out as symbols of a beautiful welcome from both.

A little later the Turnors moved on to Stoke Rochford, and there in 1913 I met others of the Turnors: Algernon, his uncle, who had been with Disraeli at the congress of Berlin; Bertha, his aunt, and his venerated father and mother. Then came a gap before my next visit; Australia and breakdown in health, then war, filled it for me.

In 1915 my wife and I decided to respond to a warm invitation and went to Stoke, to do light work on the land. The less said about that the better, but we stayed there for several months, my health improving all the time.

After the war was over Christopher and his wife wished to use the house for educational and social purposes. It became a centre for elementary school teachers, Workers' Educational Association summer students, and Nursery School children from Deptford, year after year.

The Archbishops' Committee on Industry met there, as well as the Church Tutorial Classes Association. Sailors, through the Seafarers' Education Service, were regularly there, and in the library the College of the Sea was devised. The home atmosphere was unique. I have seen, for

example, a ship's steward and a countess arguing together at dinner in perfect amity, the one a left-winger, the other a Tory. There were no rules, the whole house was open and free. Its treasures were manifest.

It is not easy to portray Christopher. Although careful and wise in the business of the estate which was to him a family trust, he seemed to have no property sense. What was his was every one's.

As an agriculturist he had high standing. He made successful experiments, spoke and wrote widely. His home farm was on a Danish model.

In the necessary work of the county, whether as lord-lieutenant or councillor, he was untiring. At Grantham he served as mayor. In housing matters he was wise and successful, and his early training as an architect helped him greatly.

He had several vicarages in his gift, and exercised meticulous care in bestowing them. Where possible he handed them over to public patronage.

So this squire lived a full life, never idle, never unduly hurried, never thinking of self first, hospitable in a unique way, always holding out helping hands. He was entirely unambitious, only seeking to do needed work to the utmost of his power. Even as a quiet stream fertilizes the land and gives rise to life, so did he flow on.

Quite naturally he was broad-minded and tolerant. When standing as a Conservative for Parliament, he received his Labour opponent as a guest in his house. If in summer schools there were left-wingers, they were as free to sing *The Red Flag* as *Home, Sweet Home*, and if they wished to argue against squiredom, well, they did.

He was broad-minded because he was fundamental in his positive action, and thus bore affinity with all men of good will. He was not unkind to any man. On one

occasion, treasures were burgled from Stoke Rochford and never found, but he paid a friendly visit to the burglar in prison.

Consciously and subconsciously he lived the Christ life. In all my many talks with him there was little or no fierce argument, just the searching out, under his influence, of right ways of action.

Sir Isaac Newton was born in a cottage on the estate, and a monument stands to him in front of the house; in some indefinable manner he was a kind of patron of Christopher's adventurous spirit.

The outbreak of war in 1939 disturbed him greatly. He strove to plan wise action, particularly in agriculture, but he broke down in health quite early. I last saw him, imperturbable and optimistic as ever, in a nursing home at Highgate, heedless of bombing. Later he moved, on doctor's orders, from Stoke Rochford to Torquay, and there passed away in the sixty-ninth year of his age.

It fell to me to give the address on 7th June 1943 at the unveiling of the memorial to him in Stoke church, where it stands in succession to those of his ancestors. The beautiful altar memorial to his grandfather was designed by him, for he was by nature and training both artist and architect. I could not help thinking that this was another instance of my conviction that, among true people, class distinctions vanish, for here was I, a child of the cottage, paying tribute to the squire of the mansion, with his heir, Colonel Herbert Turnor, and the bishop of Grantham at my side.





*Photogelatine Engraving Co.*

JOHN BUCHAN (LORD TWEEDSMUIR)

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JOHN BUCHAN  
LORD TWEEDSMUIR  
*Governor-general*

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1875-1939

WHEN I think of John Buchan there rises in my mind a little group of men, he among them, who wielded great and selfless influence in South Africa after the Boer War, under the direction of Lord Milner—a group including Geoffrey Dawson, Lionel Hitchens, and Philip Kerr, each of whom had in several ways given me help and cheer. To this group South Africa and the British Commonwealth owe more than imagination can conceive. It belonged to a period of great leaders and teachers in English life, the continuance of which was sadly hindered by the disastrous war of 1914-18.

I did not meet John Buchan himself until 1917. He had gone to South Africa in 1901 and returned late in 1903. On his return, helped greatly in a period of unsettlement by such as R. B. Haldane, he entered politics and in 1911 became Conservative candidate for Peebles and Selkirk, but he did not become an M.P. until 1927, and then for the Scottish universities. In 1935 he became Governor-general of Canada, and, as it happened, I met and talked with him at the Athenaeum on the day that his appointment was made public.

Ever since 1917 both he and his wife had done their utmost to help me. In fact, in important matters I relied upon their advice. John Buchan was ever ready to put himself out to help 'lame dogs over stiles'; I had just become fit

again and he knew, none better, what ill health meant. He gave me welcome at his home in Portland Place, also we met on George Drummond's 'New Days' Committee, with S. L. Bensusan and Philip Kerr as fellow members.

It was the versatility and energy of Buchan which astonished me. He seemed to write books as naturally as an ordinary man breathes. Of their quality and success I need not speak—all readers are aware of them. From 1895, commencing with *Sir Quixote*, he wrote and had published some sixty volumes, novels, biographies, and histories among them.

He was one of those gifted with learning and imagination who could appeal to quite ordinary people. He distributed profundity in simple terms, and as for adventure, he thrilled with it.

He was bright and human. One could say anything to him without reserve. I recall some of my own absurdities. On looking at a bookshelf of his own books bound in blue leather, I warned him that he would have a lot to answer for and asked him if he wrote in his bath. He certainly did in trains. It was his habit to read to his family, and I once ventured to suggest Sabatini, but the suggestion did not appeal to him, so I retorted by saying that I would send *Captain Blood* to his Etonian son.

He was intensely interested in Adult Education and, with the co-operation of his wife, made it possible for me to help to establish a world movement.

To the excellence of his work in Canada I received tributes from men in Ottawa and elsewhere. It seemed that in energy and approachability he excelled. As I talked with Canadians it became plain to me that Canada had taken him to its heart. Just before my own last visit to Canada in 1938 I met him at a Buckingham Palace garden party and felt much concern. He was not the bright John



Buchan of pre-Canadian days—some undue strain was obviously affecting him. Whilst at Quebec, however, I was much cheered by Lady Tweedsmuir's reports of him; his rest in north Wales was doing him good.

At the Citadel, on the day of our departure for home, we were given a truly Buchan send off. It was delightful to have revealed to us the history and glorious position, overlooking the St. Lawrence, of the famous castle. If John Buchan was not there in the flesh, he certainly was in the spirit.

Then later on, after his return to Ottawa, the blow fell. He wrote to me a few days before he passed on. I received the letter, somewhat a sad one, after the radio had flashed the tragic news. *Sick Heart River*, published after his passing, seemed to me to be a revelation of his inner self even more than his autobiography *Memory Hold-the-Door*, which is an outstanding record of persons and events.

Scotland will ever be proud of so great a son of the manse. May she continue his succession. His children are facing the future inspired by him and their gracious gifted mother. The manses of Scotland possessed a spiritual power, creating so often men of supreme genius and devotion, who often in hidden as well as revealed ways have illuminated the far-flung line of the British people.

So I remember John Buchan, cheerful, radiant, unselfish, and wise, not of great physical stature, but with an expansive penetrating mind, welcoming all men of goodwill, whether poor or rich, white or red.

Labourers and thinkers he loved equally. He encouraged and helped them. He shared their sorrows and their joys as they strove to tread their paths to the cities of their desire. The House of Tweedsmuir, well founded, rapt before the vision of heaven, will stand firm in the new era of the life of man, his spirit ever with it.

PHILIP KERR  
MARQUIS OF LOTHIAN  
*Ambassador*

1882-1941

THE passing of Philip Kerr, Lord Lothian, after he had completed the draft of his last speech as ambassador to the United States, was a definite and clear loss—accentuated by the tragic happenings of war.

His work had, however, not only laid the foundations but developed the edifice of unity between the British Commonwealth and the United States. He had left an open way to it for his successor, Lord Halifax, to tread.

Both these ambassadors relied upon—rather were directed by—spiritual force and power, as indeed was Prime Minister Attlee when in November 1945 he ended his speech to Congress with the assertion that the nations were ‘members one of another.’

Of Philip Kerr’s work in South Africa I had heard much from John Buchan and Lionel Hitchens, but I did not come to know him until the later years of the 1914-18 war. He was then editor of *The Round Table*, and joined a small group of us who were helping George Drummond in his ‘New Days’ project.

At once we discussed aspects of the spiritual life. He had passed from Roman Catholicism to Christian Science. I was a definite Churchman, but had seen evidence of the healing power by scientists who understood the underlying principles of their belief. In a marked way, as

regards the work of the Spirit, we were in agreement. I did not and could not follow him in his conception of the place of our bodies and minds in the eternal scheme, but I shall not attempt to deal with this for fear of not presenting his case adequately. Apart from such as this, we were in entire unity because we never discussed Christian dogmas but the Christian life.

On a Sunday afternoon about 1930 he called at our home unexpectedly, and for two hours discoursed to us on 'The Gospel of St. John.' It was an enriching experience. My wife and I sat at his feet.

On the very day that he was appointed ambassador I was at lunch with him in his own room, and we talked entirely on religious matters. A few days later an eminent Christian Scientist said to me: 'Philip says you will soon be one of us.' Far from it be the case, but there is a great unity between men of differing faiths who ask their way to Zion and strive to serve God with their mortal beings as they go forward.

Philip Kerr was faithful to his belief. He meditated daily. The result was a personality devoted to the tasks it undertook, whether it were *The Round Table* or the Rhodes Trust or the ambassadorship to the United States of America. He had no self-conceit, desiring the counsel of all men, and he loved the brethren.

Only on one occasion did I hear him condemn a person. The group mind of general condemnation at the time must have been too much for him, and he had knowledge of that person's evil doing. He stood in wrath before me.

He was devoted to the development of Adult Education, believing in the principles of the world association for which he spoke on occasions. He helped me greatly on my mission to Newfoundland, and I was able to do some Rhodes Trust work for him.

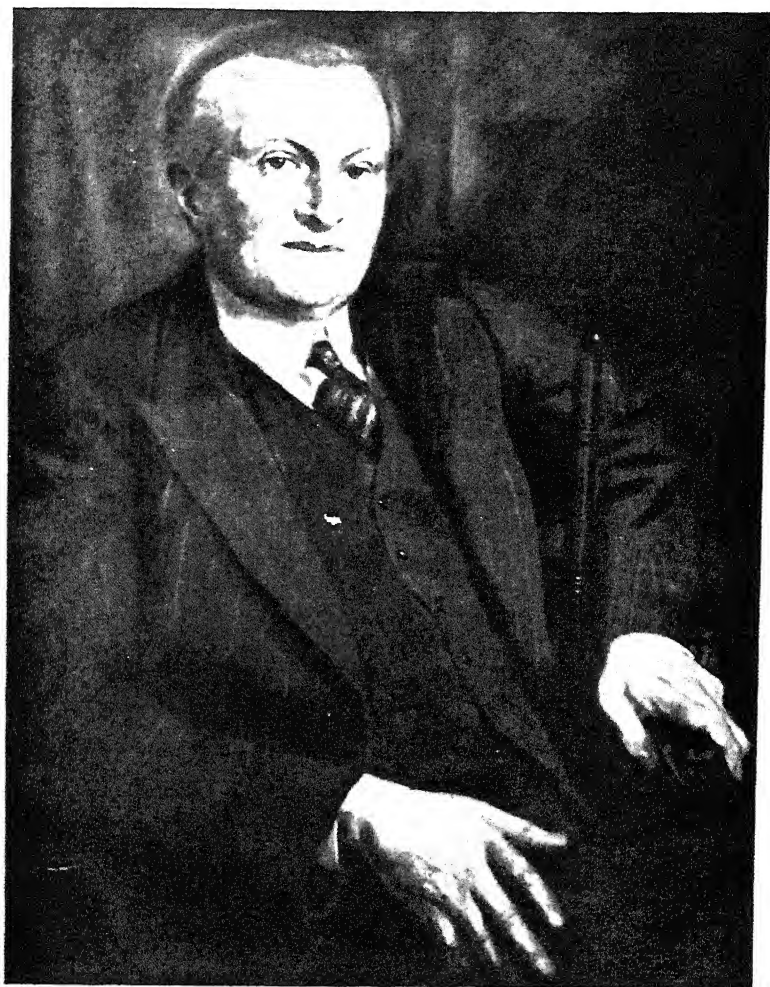
His succession to the marquise did not alter him one iota, although he was entertained by the greater attention paid to him by certain types. I was amused when he winked his eye at me over the shoulder of an adoring lady, who, of course, being treated courteously, did not see the fun. He was very human and had no sense of class distinctions.

Newbattle Abbey, near to Edinburgh, gave him great concern. He saw in it a home for Adult Education, and would have liked my wife and myself to go there, but it was not possible; and moreover we were not Scottish, being permeated with English, Scottish, Welsh, and Irish ancestral blood, true Britons.

Ultimately Fraser, of Kandy and Achimota fame, went there. He was induced to do so at a gathering at Blickling Hall, and for years, up to the Second World War, did useful work.

Blickling, the ancestral home of the Lothians, is a beautiful Norfolk house not far from Cromer. It is good that the National Trust, as Kerr planned, will control it in future, with priority of occupation for the Lothian family. Kerr offered us the use of one of the small houses in the grounds, but it was unfortunately too remote for our work.

I did not see him on his last visit to England in 1940, but he wrote: 'I will see you next year when things are happier.' Alas—it was not to be so. Sorrow, yes, but no regret. He had delivered his message. It will be embedded in our relationship with the United States and the world for all time.



*Portrait by John Mansbridge*

PHILIP KERR (MARQUIS OF LOTHIAN)



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## EPILOGUE

September 1946

### *Facing the future*

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FORCES created or released during six war years from 1939 to 1945 play upon, in, or through the living occupants of the Gallery. Those that are detrimental are for the greater part superficial and will pass if the people keep true to the faith which gave, and gives, them power, as they listen to and regard the teachings and examples of the prophets and saints who inspired the English people in years and centuries past.

It is only in superficial and artificial matters that the times have changed. The fundamental truths and realities which inspire human life and make it possible are as unchanging as the air which humanity must breathe to live. The chaos and confusion of to-day, which divert attention from the flowing currents of true order and power, dim the future.

It is impossible to assess the effect of the 1914-18 war upon its occupants, but it is certain that many of the finest young men of their time were removed. In my own experience, both during and after it, I found that the universities, Whitehall, and the City had suffered irreparable losses. Owing to greater experience in the right use of men and the enforcement of ordered conscription from the outset, the losses during the 1939-45 war have been more uniform, the sacrifice of men of known brilliance not so marked.

It is cheering to listen to the messages of some of those

I have written about. They absorbed their messages from great teachers, but they translated and expressed them in their lives, ringing them out as bells ring, calling men and women to face the future with determination, courage, and hope. Reuben George, workman: 'Judge not, that ye be not judged.' William Temple, archbishop: 'Like as the hart desireth the waterbrooks, so longeth my soul after thee, O God.' Charles Gore, preacher: 'A man is not judged by what he is but by what he is becoming.' Samuel Barnett, warden: 'Fear not to sow because of the birds.' Margaret McMillan, pioneer: 'Suffer the little children to come unto me.' Hugh Kerr Anderson, college head: 'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might.' Herbert Hall Turner, astronomer: 'Survey the heavens and toil on.' G. W. Hudson-Shaw, lecturer: 'Be wise, use knowledge as a tool.' Hugh Dent: 'Share joy in good books "in widest commonalty spread."' John Lewis Paton, schoolmaster: 'Give a hand to any one who needs it.' Charles Wright, man of business: 'Let life get on in you.' Thomas Wall, manufacturer: 'Take breathers of the winds of God.' Christopher Turnor, landowner: 'You brought nothing into the world, you will take nothing out.' John Buchan, governor-general: 'Welcome be to all, white, black, yellow, or red.' Philip Kerr, ambassador: 'Love is the fulfilling of the law.'

Every man delivers his own message which has leavened the whole of his thought, words, and deeds. If he has the gift of leadership, it inspires groups and communities. That there have been evil leaders cannot be denied, but the people of England have on the whole refused to follow them. Historians of English life and action have found it difficult to present full and true views. In all times, the tendency has been to give undue attention to undesirable events and conditions. 'The evil that men do lives after





*Portrait by John Mansbridge*

ALBERT MANSBRIDGE



them, the good is oft interred with their bones.' Despite this the historians have revealed clearly that beneath what has been recorded there has been a flood of goodness which has burst forth in times of need or crisis. Streams of pure power, pouring through all people, have created and fertilized schools, colleges, hospitals, and Parliament itself. They have refreshed the dwellings of the poor, whether in villages or towns. In times of hardship or distress, labouring people have always stood by one another, sharing their last resources. The comradeship of the poor has been and is a characteristic of English life.

England to-day is determined to see that all children shall have fullness of opportunity to develop and express their gifts. Democracy is, in truth, a state of communal life in which men are not only allowed opportunity for their better selves to develop, but are helped and encouraged to take it.

Wise men, including the Prime Minister, realize that the nations of the earth are 'members one of another,' or, to use a metaphor, branches of the same tree. The vision before them is that of the nations developing their own gifts and sharing them, even as the diversified limbs and organs of the human body are unified in the whole being.

The call of both past and present to the occupants of the gallery of the future is to go straight ahead into the great unchanging realities of heaven and earth, striving as they do so to translate their visions and ideals into the terms of thoughts, words, and deeds. In so far as the call is heard and obeyed, people will be inspired by the forces which radiate from heaven through them to one another, and will turn from evils as they are destroyed in, or banished from, the gallery. So inspired, they will harness and utilize the mighty natural forces discovered and released by scientists, in such ways as will help mankind and not injure or destroy

its storied creations. 'Many inventions' must be used for building, not blitzing.

In *Locksley Hall* Tennyson rose to prophetic heights, and  
Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rain'd a ghastly dew  
From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue.

In 1939-45 we heard, saw, and suffered. May it be that he was on those heights still when he continued:

The war drum throb'd no longer and the battle flags were furl'd  
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world.

The work awaiting living occupants of the Gallery is diverse and heavy, whether it be for workmen, scholars, or statesmen. It must be undertaken 'each for all and all for each.' Religion, education, and government play upon all, and even brief glances at their place and operation may reveal much. Their work in the future will depend largely upon the foundations which have been laid throughout the years. Those which are unsound or defective must be relaid, and no acquisitive or sectional interests must be allowed to hinder or affect this vital work.

It is only in the power of the spirit that the minds and bodies of men can work rightly. As the brothers R. B. and J. S. Haldane often affirmed, 'The spiritual alone is real.' T. G. Masaryk, thinking of his own Czechoslovak state, ended his record of the efforts by which freedom had been won with these words: 'The Father of our nation, and our historical past, alike enjoin upon us pure Christianity, the teaching of Jesus and His law of life.' Any one writing of England with a clear mind could well have used similar words.

It is for the churches to strive to translate the teachings of Christ, reinforced by the prophetic utterances of all ages, into the terms of modern life. If, disregarding man-made hindrances, they are increasingly faithful to their own

assertions, the whole population will be illuminated, even at times transfigured.

The people in past years have had a succession of leaders. John Bunyan, John Wesley, John Henry Newman, William Booth, Charles Gore, will never be forgotten by not only their own but all churches of Christ. Leaders will rise in the future, some with saintly, others with prophetic gifts. If they suffer, they will still triumph.

The future of education is dependent upon a true estimate of human values. Every essential activity of man—agriculture, craftsmanship, and scholarship, to mention three generic ones—should be honoured and developed. Education rises first in the family, is supplemented by the schools, and is expressed in the life of the community.

Diversity of gifts must be recognized if each child is to be enabled to become its best, most useful, and happiest self. The great majority, whether from poor or rich homes, develop their minds as well as their bodies by making or doing things. A direct appeal to the brain is only effective in a small minority of normal children.

Manual work is being increased in schools. It were well that future schools should so far as is possible approximate to farms or workshops with fullness of opportunity for the child who turns to books and mental exercise. Manual work 'maintains the state of the world' and creates not only physical but mental and spiritual power.

The Gallery of England is, and always has been, enriched by children from cottages. If a research scholar were to investigate this, he would discover that the bulk of great men, even Oxford and Cambridge scholars, came from workmen's homes. There must be all-round 'fullness' of opportunity. 'Equality' is dangerous because it may be taken to imply one road and method for all.

In the acceptance by the English people of the forms of

government developed in triumph after struggles and experience down the centuries, there is much hope. The spirit prevails over forms.

A Labour Ministry, accepted by the nation, has drawn upon men of diverse experiences, whether mental or manual. In so far as it has done so, it represents life as a whole. If it recognizes increasingly that government lies in the hands of the Opposition as well as in those of the Ministry, there is little to fear.

Government, whether national or local, should draw men and women who desire to *serve*, and they should outnumber to the point of banishment careerists or mere protectors of vested interests.

The Prime Minister focuses, with the help of his Cabinet, all that rises for the common good in both Houses of Parliament. He is the highest instrument of national expression in relation to internal and external affairs. The King is the symbol of all.

Out of stress and storm of two great wars the British Commonwealth has risen in freedom to greater unity. It is a vital factor in the government, not only of all its parts but of Great Britain itself. This unity must affect the relationship of many nations, possessing traditions bred of environments as diverse as are their languages.

The United Nations Organization, through inevitable struggles resultant upon desires and viewpoints often opposed, will find broad paths of agreement. The nations must live in comity, each contributing its own gifts and produce to the world pool from which all will draw. 'The nations of the earth do bring their glory and honour into the City of God.'

The future is thus faced in sure and certain conviction that 'hope creates from its own wreck the thing it contemplates.' Hopes are indeed high. England shall be

'good, great and joyous, beautiful and free.' Loyalty to fundamental forces in human life, illumined by wisdom expressed in 'masterful administration of the unforeseen,' will steadily bring to all of us the fruits of hope. All the great teachers of the past confirm this conviction as their successors, yet to be, will do also. It is for those now living to add their testimony.

So, surely, as men and women set themselves in the power of their spirits through knowledge and training to order forces and materials for the welfare of all, the Gallery of the future will be glorious. 'Jerusalem' will be built in 'England's green and pleasant land.'





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